THE TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS, AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS

By Mr. *George Herbert*, Late ORATOUR of the University of CAMBRIDGE.

Together with his LIFE.

PSAL. 29.

In his Temple doth every man speak of his honour.

The Eleventh Edition, with an Alphabetical Table for ready finding out the chief places.

LONDON,
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The Effigies of Mr George Herbert Author of those Sacred Poems called The Temple.

THE TEMPLE

SACRED POEMS
AND PRIVATE
EJACULATIONS

By M. G[illegible]

821
H41t
1679

These Lines should have been under his Picture.

BEhold an Orator, Divinely sage,
The *Prophet* and *Apostle* of that age.
View but his *Porch*, and *Temple*, you shall see
The Body of Divine *Philosophy*.
Examine well the Lines of his dead Face,
Therein you may discern Wisdom and Grace.
Now if the Shell so lovely doth appear,
How Orient was the Pearl Imprison'd here!

1004923

A

Memorial to the honourable *GEORGE HERBERT*

Author of the Sacred POEMS.

Who died about, *Anno* 1635.

READ o're these Raptures with a curious Eye,
You must conclude, this *Eagle* soared high:
Montgomery Castle was the place, where he
Had his first breathing, and Nativitie.
Of that most Noble House this *Hero* came,
Who left the World this Legacy of Fame.
Great Saint, unto thy Memory and Shrine
I owe all Veneration, save Divine,
For thy rare Poems: Piety and Pen
Speak thee no less than Miracle of Men.
The Graces all both Moral and Divine,
In thee concenter, and with thee combine:
These Sacred Lessons, set to thy sweet Lute,
Was Musick that would make *Apollo* mute:
Nay, all those warbling Chanters of the Spring
Would sit half tame, To hear *Arion* Sing.
What Province hath produc'd a greater Soul
Between the Artique and Antartique Pole,

Than *water* hath done! where HERBERTS Church
shall be
A lasting Pyramid for him and thee.
What Father of a Church can you rehearse,
That gain'd more Souls to God 'twixt prose and
Verse?
What Orator had more Magnetique strains?
What Poet such a Fancy, Pen or Brains,
In our Great Hierarchie? Shew me the Man,
That Sang more sadly than this dying *Swan*,
This Bird of Paradise, this *Glowworm* bright,
This Philomel, this Glory of the Night.
Seeing the Deluge rage, the Clouds still dark,
Restless below, return'd up to the Ark,
This Sacred Dove, before he Seal'd the skies,
Rarely set forth, the Worlds great Sacrifice;
A melting POEM, all the rest so high,
That the dull World may learn to live and die.
Never did Pen humane, Or Earing brain,
Express or vent such a Seraphique strain.
You that are *Potts* born contend and strive,
In spite of Death, dead HERBERT to revive.
Bring Wreaths of Larick, an immortal Tree,
To *Salems* sacred Hill, for Obsequie.
Parnassus *Mount was never so divine*,
To turn the Muses Water into Wine.
The Delphian Poet went from thence to Rome,
And there was entertain'd as Major Dome;
And though the Bishop, and his Clerks do boast,
That old false Prophet there doth rule the Roast.
A lasting Spring of Blood Springs near that Hill,
There he did bathe; there you your Vials fill:
'Twill melt your hearts, to view those desolations;
Yet from that Spring flows highest Inspirations.
Therein your Annals Such Encomiums bring
To his memorial, as the Doves in Spring.

Such

Such moan as *Egypts* Vice-Roy once did make
At *Abel-Mizraim* for his Fathers sake,
Make your shrill Trumpets: from that thorny-Hill
Benhinnons Valleys with amazement fill.
To the Sepulchre go, there Sacrifice
The Distillations of your Hearts and Eyes.
When you depart, fall down, and kiss that Land,
Where once his Masters sacred feet did stand.
No Art or Engine can you safely trust
To polish him, but his own sacred Dust.
Nor can you Paint or Pencil him too high,
That liv'd and dy'd without an enemy;
That left behind him this admired Tomb,
But no *Elisha* In *Eliah's* roome

An Epitaph upon the Honourable

GEORGE HERBERT.

YOu weeping Marbles, *Monuments* we trust,
As well with the Injurious, as the just.
When your great trust at last shall be resign'd,
And when his noble dust shall be refind:
You shall more Gold, Myrrh, Frankincense return,
Than shall be found in great *Augustus* Urn.

He was the wonder of a better age,
Th' Eclipse of this, of emptie heads the rage.
Phœnix of *Wales*, of his great name the glory,
A theme above all verse, beyond all story.
A plant of Paradise, which, in a word,
Worms ne're shall wither, as they did the Gourd.

Go

Go you unborn, brave Dear Herberts Tomb;
No more such Babes are in Dame Natures Womb.
No more such Blazing Comets shall appear,
Nor leave so happy influences here.
Go thaw your hearts at his celestial fire,
And what you cannot comprehend, admire.

Go you dark *Poems*, dark even as the Skies,
Make the *Scales* fall from our dark dazling eyes.
Mirrors were made to mend, not mar our sight,
Gloe-worms to glitter in th' most gloomy Night.
About those glorious Regions he is fled,
Where once Saint Paul was rapt and ravished.

Here a Divine, Prophet and Poet lies,
That lay'd up Manna *for posterities.*

P. D. *Esq;*

The Church Militant.

THe Churches progress is a Master-piece,
Limn'd to the life, of Egypt Rome and Greece;
Wherein he gives the Conclave such a blow,
They nere receiv'd from either friend or foe.
England and *France* do bear an equal share
In his predictions, which time will declare;
Here's height of malice, here's prodigious lust,
Impudent sinning, cruelty, distrust;
Here's black ingratitude, here's pride and scorn,
Here's damned Oaths, that cause the land to Mourn;
And here's oppression, marks of Future Bane,
And here's Hypocrisie the Counter-Paine.

Here's

Here's love of *Guinits*, curſed Root of all,
And here's Religion turnd up to the wall:
And could we ſee with Herberts Eagle eyes,
Without Checkmate Religion weſtward flies.
A moſt ſad Sacrifice was made of late
Of Gods poor Lambs by Phariſaique hate.
For Diſcipline with Doctrine ſo to jarr,
Was juſt like bringing Juſtice to the Bar.
Was it the will, or judgment or commands,
Of the great *Pilot* for to paſs the Sands;
Well may we hope, That our quick-ſighted State
Will take Gods grievance into a debate.
Cathedrall Prieſts long ſince have laid about
Hammer and Tongs, to drive Religion out.
Her Grace and Majeſty makes them ſo fraid,
They cry content, and ſo Eſpouſe her Maid.
She's decent, lovely, chaſt, Divine they ſay,
She loves their Sons, that ſing our ſins away.
Could we but count the Thouſands every year,
Theſe dreams conſume, the Muſick is too dear.
When Elies *Sons made luxury their God*,
Their widows nam'd their Poſthumes Icabod.
They both were ſlain, Gods ſacred Ark was loſt,
Though they had with it a moſt mighty Hoſt.
Well may ingratitude make us all mourn;
Pearls we receive, poor Pebles we return.
Now *Sein* is ſwallowing *Tiber*; if the *Thames*,
By letting in them both pollute her ſtreams;
Or if the *Seers* ſhall connive or wink,
Beware the *Thunderbolt*; *Migremus hinc.*
O let me die, and not ſurvive to ſee
Before my death Religions Obſequie.
Religion and dear Truth will prove at length
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of our Strength;
Our *Boaz*, our *Jachin*, our Great Britans glory,
Look'd on by *Owls*, as a Romantick ſtory.

Our

Our Cloud, that comes behind us in the day,
Nights fiery Pillar, to direct our way.
Our Chariots, Ships and Horſemen, to withſtand
The fury of our Foes by Sea or Land.
Our eyes may ſee, as hath been ſeen before,
Religions Foes ly floating on the Shore:
The head of *Englands* Church proud *Babels*, but
Will Faith defend, and peace will *Janus* ſhut.

Adverſus Impia.
Anno 1670.

THE

The Printer to the Reader.

THe Dedication of this Work having been made by the Author to the *Divine Majesty* only, how ſhould we now preſume to intereſt any mortal man in the patronage of it? Much leſs think we it meet to ſeek recommendation of the Muſes, for that which himſelf was confident to have been inſpired by a diviner breath than flows from *Helicon*. The world therefore ſhall receive it in that naked ſimplicity, with which he left it, without any addition either of ſupport or ornament, more than is included in it ſelf. We leave it free and unforeſtalled to every mans judgment, and to the benefit that he ſhall find by peruſal. Only for the clearing of ſome paſſages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privy to ſome few particularities of the condition and diſpoſition of the Perſon.

Being

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the mind, and having by industry & happy education perfected them to that great height of excellency, whereof his Fellowship of *Trinity* Colledge in *Cambridge*, and his Oratourship in the University, together with that knowledge which the Kings Court had taken of him, could make relation far above ordinary. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuary and Temple of God, chusing rather to serve at Gods Altar, than to seek the honour of State-employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none) which many of these ensuing Verses bear witness of, they detract not from the freedom, but add to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not only to be called, but to be compelled to this service: Wherein his faithful discharge was such, as may make him justly a companion to the primitive Saints, and a Pattern or more for the Age he lived in

To testifie his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the Blessed Name of our

Lord

Lord and Saviour, *Jesus Christ*, to add, *My Master*.

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: So as he hath been heard to make solemn protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformity to the Church and the Discipline thereof, was singularly remarkable: Though he abounded in private Devotions, yet went he every Morning and Evening with his Family to the Church; and by his Example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his Parishioners to accompany him daily in the publick celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek, than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an Ecclesiastical Dignity, which he was professor of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had lain ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by publick Collections, was in the end by his own and some few others private free-will-offerings

ings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work when a Friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, *It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the Blood of CHRIST:* Otherwise than in this respect he could find nothing to glory or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing Book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own Motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

Less than the least of Gods mercies.

¶ The

¶ The Dedication.

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: For from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain:
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

The

The Dedication.

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THE

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

¶ Perirrhanterium.

THou, whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure;
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure.
A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn d light into a Sacrifice.

Beware of lust, it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with his own blood.
It blots the lesson written in thy soul;
The Holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Continence hath his joy: Weigh both, and so
If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' encloser: But since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrary
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plow.
O what were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure to be cross, he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
May'st rule it, as thou list: and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his Mother kill
Big with his Sister: He hath lost the reins,
Is outlaw'd by himself: All kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth devest
All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please anothers wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of his Can and body: Must I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?
Stay at the third glass: if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room;
All in a shipwrack shift their several way:
Let not a common ruin thee intomb:
Be not a beast in courtesie: but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place.
Wine above all things doth Gods stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story:
He makes flat war with God, and doth defie
With his poor clod of earth the spatious sky.

Take not his Name, who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Luſt and wine plead a pleaſure, avarice gain:
But the cheap ſwearer through his open ſluice
Lets his Soul run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

When thou doſt tell another's jeſt, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the ſin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the Virtue of that Name,
Which is the beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapeſt ſins moſt dearly puniſh'd are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away thy ſouls fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of Hell are broad:
Pride and full ſins have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and thoſe that fear the rod;
The ſtormy working ſoul ſpits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lye:
A fault, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

Fly idleneſs, which yet thou canſt not fly
By dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and complement.
If thoſe take up thy day, the Sun will cry
Againſt thee? For his light was only ſent.
God gave thy ſoul brave wings, put not thoſe feathers
A bed to ſleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe:
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jaws: If souldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not, for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.

O *England*, full of sin, but most of sloth!
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glory:
Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy story:
Not that they all are so, but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their son
Some mark a partridge, never their childs fashion:
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design;
And if Gods Image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mans ring mind; so both are lost thereby:
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: This is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When

When thou dost purpose ought (within thy power)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small:
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us tower,
Where wanton pleasures weaken us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bonds, forfeiteth himself:
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneaking souls:
Think the King sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie:
Give it a corner, and the rest undoes.
Who fears to do ill, forsakes himself to task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth: Diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconces, if thy stomach call;
Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to one; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dust, then eat a bit;
And say with all, Earth to earth I commit.

Slight those who say amidst their sickly health,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but man?
Houses are built by rule, and common-wealths.
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule then keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcel under-writes a law.
Lose not thy self, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thy self: See what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: Therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live:
Then live, and use it: Else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the year: But age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy Children, Kindred, Friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurers devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head,
Take stars for money; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame;
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By no means run in debt: Take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twenty Pound a year,
Cannot on forty: He's a man of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for it self too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his clothes too wide,
And spares himself, but would his Taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believed for their oathes,
And are like empty vessels under sail.
Old courtiers know this: Therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

In clothes cheap handsomness doth bear the bell.
Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e're gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But this with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long adoing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart:
Perhaps his Wifes too, , and whom she hath bore:
Servants and Churches also play their part.
Only a herald, who that way doth pass,
Finds his crackt name at length in the Church-glass.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost:
Dost lose? rise up: Dost win? rise in that state.
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole encrease.

In Converſation boldneſs now bears ſway.
But know that nothing can ſo fooliſh be,
As empty boldneſs: Therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuff thy mind with ſolid bravery;
Then march on gallant: Get ſubſtantial worth,
Boldneſs gilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſow'r?
Then keep ſuch company; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp Wife, a ſervant that will ſow'r.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thy ſelf in chief. He lifes war knows,
Whom all his paſſions follow as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break:
By great deeds ſhew, that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdom be;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

If that thy fame with every toy be pos'd,
'Tis a tl in web, which poyſonous fancies make;
But the great ſouldiers honour was compos'd
Of thicker ſtuff, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdom picks friends; civility playes the reſt.
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly palleth with the beſt.

Laugh not too much: the witty man laughs leaſt:
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Leſs at thine own things laugh; leſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport abuſes: for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick

Pick out of mirth, like flocres out of thy ground,
Profaneneſs, filthineſs, abuſiveneſs.
Theſe are the ſcum, with which coarſe wits abound:
The fine may ſpare theſe well, yet not go leſs.
All things are big with jeſt; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou haſt the vein.

Wits an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer,
Haſt thou the knack? pamper it not with liking;
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and ſwallows up the Cities.
The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is cock of all his jeſts.

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſs:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine. In ſervice care, or coldneſs,
Doth rarably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his ſins: for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatneſs: for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thy ſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm; Yet ſuch jealouſie,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpur. Correct thy paſſions ſpite;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.

When baseness is exalted, do not bare
The place its honour for the person's sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;
And not the beast, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of State should be
Not of rich Arras, but mean Tapestry.

Thy friend put in thy bosom: Wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear:
But love is lost, the way of friendship's gone,
Though *David* had his *Jonathan*, *Christ* his *John*.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a Father:
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give
My Childrens right, nor ought he take it: Rather
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter bonds to natures ends;
And are her sureties, e're they are a friend's.

If thou be single, all thy good and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more than all.
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man, love makes me no more,
Till labour come and make my weakness score.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty,
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesie grows in Court, news in the City.
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card
That suits him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know best;
For so thou dost thy self and him a pleasure:
But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather than shew his cards: Steal from his treasures
What

What to ask further. Doubts well rais'd do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once; but husband it:
And give men turns of speech: Do not forestall
By lavishness thine own and others wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.

Be calm in arguing: For fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesie.
Why should I feel another mans mistakes
More than his sickness or poverty?
In love I should; But anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage: He that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds: The bow thats there
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

Mark what another says: For many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Parch

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much, than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a Fever, and Lethargickness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alights some times, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone.
Write on the others, *Here lies such an one.*

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the sun in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
Who say, *I care not*, those I give for lost;
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty King.
Much less make any one thine enemy,
As guns destroy, so may a little sting.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All foreign wisdom doth amount to this,
To take all that is given: whether wealth,
Or love, or language, nothing comes amiss:
A good digestion turneth all to health:
And then, as far as Christian behaviour may,
Strike off all scores; none are so clear as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All foreign of that name; but scorn their ill:
Embrace their activeness, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.

If

If thou obſerveſt ſtrangers in each ſite,
In time they'l run thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlineſs,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their ſtock of noiſomneſs
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt hour.
Let thy minds ſweetneſs have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others merit.
Think Heav'n a better bargain, than to give
Only thy ſingle market-money for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all ſomething; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image; but a poor man is
Chriſts ſtamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, *So much giv'n to God*; thou ſhalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'n gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Reſtore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole eſtate.
Sundays obſerve: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis Angels Muſick; therefore come not late.
God then deals bleſſings: If a King did ſo,
Who would not haſte, nay give, to ſee the ſhow?

Twice on the day his dew is underſtood;
For all the week thy food ſo oft he gave thee.
Thy cheer is mended; bate not of the food,
Becauſe 'tis better, and perhaps may ſave thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not croſs.
Faſt when thou wilt, but then 'tis gain not loſs.

Though

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suiters; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seaven;
Pray with the most: For where most pray, is heav'n.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there than thou: For thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thy self all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking: Quit thy stave.
All equal are within the Churches gate.

Resort to Sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest,
Stay not for th' other pin: Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who markes in Church-time others symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasure thither.
Christ purg'd his Temple; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thonghts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy action well
For Churches either are our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The

The worst speak something good: If all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude, have hath one lost his pains.
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With Saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

Jest not at preachers language or expression:
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him whatsoe'er he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Master: His condition
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

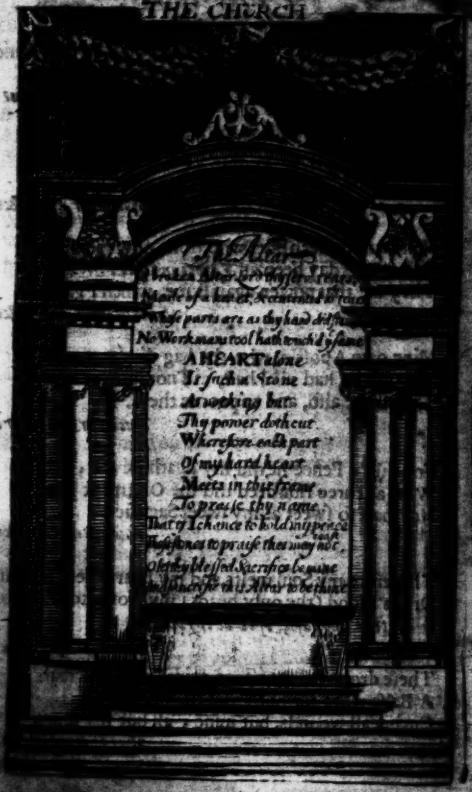
None shall in Hell with barrer pangs endure,
As those who mock at Gods way of Salvation.
Whom Oyl and Balsams kill, what fame can Cure?
They drink with greediness a full Damnation.
The *Jews* refused thunder; and we fooly,
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is Holy?

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy Soul: Mark the decay
And growth of it: If with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both: Since we shall be
More surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come but go.
Defer not the least virtue: Lifes poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

Super-

Superliminare
I
Thou whom the former Precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to Share
Thy selfe in Church; approach and test
The churches mystical Repast


THE CHURCH
A HEART alone
Is such a Stone
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame
To praise thy name

¶ The Sacrifice.

O All ye, who pass by, whose eyes and mind
To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind;
To me, who took eyes that I might you find,
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Against their Maker: They do with me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief, &c.

Without me such one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an *Egyptian* slave.
They use that power against me, which I gave:
Was ever grief, &c.

Mine own Apostle, who the bag did bear,
Though he had all I had, did not forbear
To sell me also, and to put me there.
Was ever grief, &c.

For thirty Pence he did my death devise,
Who at three Hundred did the Ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as my sweet Sacrifice.
Was ever grief, &c.

Therefore my Soul melts, and my hearts dear treasure
Drops Blood (the only beads) my words to measure:
O let this Cup pass, if it be thy pleasure:
Was ever grief, &c.

These drops being temper'd with a sinners tears,
A Balsom are for both the Hemispheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all but my fears.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet

Yet my Disciples sleep: I cannot gain
One hour of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my Doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Arise, arise, they come. Look how they run!
Alas! what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanthorns do they seek the Sun!
Was ever grief, &c.

With clubs and staves they seek me as a Thief,
Who am the way of Truth, the true Relief,
Most true to those, who are my greatest grief.
Was ever grief, &c.

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kiss?
Canst thou find hell about my lips? and miss
Of life, just at the gates of Life and bliss?
Was ever grief, &c.

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of Faith, but Fury; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands:
Was ever grief, &c.

All my Disciples flee; fear puts a bar
Betwixt my Friends and me. They leave that Star,
That brought the Wise-men of the East from far.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then from one Ruler to another bound
They lead me; urging, that it was not sound,
What I taught. Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief, &c.

The

The Priests and Rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week.
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemy,
That I did thrust into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery.
Was ever grief, &c.

Some said, that I the Temple to the floor
In three days raz'd, and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then they condemn me all with the same breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus *Adam* my first breathing rendereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

They bind, and lead me unto *Herod*: He
Sends me to *Pilate*. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is my enmitie.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod and all his bands do set me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of Hosts and might.
Was ever grief, &c.

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand;
Examines me with a censorious hand:
I him obey, who all things else command.
Was ever grief, &c.

The

The *Jews* accuſe me with deſpitefulnes;
And vying malice with my gentleneſs,
Pick quarrels with their only happineſs.
Was ever grief like mine?

I anſwer nothing, but with patience prove
If ſtony hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief, &c.

My ſilence rather doth augment their cry;
My dove doth back into my boſome fly,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high.
Was ever grief, &c.

Hark how they cry aloud ſtill, *crucifie:*
It is not fit he live a day, they cry:
Who cannot live leſs than eternally.
Was ever grief, &c.

Pilate a ſtranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own dear people, cry, *Away, Away*,
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and cry, and ſtop their ears,
Putting my life among their ſins and fears,
And therefore wiſh *my blod on them and theirs.*
Was ever grief, &c.

See how ſpite cankers things! Theſe words aright
Uſed, and wiſhed, are the whole worlds delight:
But honey is their gall, brightneſs their night.
Was ever grief, &c.

They

They chuse a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesie:
For it was their own cause that killed me;
was ever grief like mine?

And a seditious murderer he was:
But I, the Prince of Peace; peace that doth pass
All understanding, more than Heav'n doth glass:
Was ever grief, &c.

Why, *Cæsar* is their only King; not I:
He clave the stony Rock, when they were dry;
But surely not their Hearts, as I well try:
Was ever grief, &c

Ah, how they scourge me! yet my tenderness
Doubles each lash: And yet their bitterness
Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness:
Was ever grief, &c.

They buffet me, and box me as they list,
Who grasp the Earth and Heaven with my fist,
And never yet, whom I would punish, miss'd:
Was ever grief, &c.

Behold, they spit on me in scornful wise;
Who by my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to mine enemies:
Was ever grief, &c.

My face they cover, though it be Divine.
As *Moses* face was veiled, so is mine,
Lest on their double dark souls either shine.
Was ever grief, &c.

Servant;

Servants and abjects flout me; they are witty:
Now prophesie who strikes thee, is their ditty.
So they in me deny themselves all pity:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now I am delivered unto death,
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before me well-nigh suffereth.
Was ever grief, &c.

Weep not, dear Friends, since I for both have wept,
When all my tears were Blood, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept.
Was ever grief, &c.

The Souldiers led me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuse me all:
Yet for twelve Heav'nly Legions I could call.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then with a scarlet Robe they me array;
Which shews my Blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair mans decay.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For these are all the grapes *Sion* doth bear,
Though I my Vine planted and wat'red there.
Was ever grief, &c.

So fits the Earths great curse in *Adams* fall
Upon my Head; so I remove it all
From th' Earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall.
Was ever grief, &c.

Then

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They strike my Head, the rock from whence all store
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore.
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, *Hail King:*
Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling.
Was ever grief, &c.

Yet since mans sceptres are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds;
I, who am truth, turn into truth their deeds.
Was ever grief, &c.

The souldiers also spit upon that Face,
Which Angels did desire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to see, but found no place.
Was ever grief, &c.

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who *Crucifie him* cry with one strong shout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out.
Was ever grief, &c.

They lead me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they lead me out again:
Whom devils fly, thus is he tost'd of men.
Was ever grief, &c.

And now, weary of sport, glad to engross,
All spite in one, counting my life their loss,
They carry me to my most bitter cross.
Was ever grief, &c.

My cross I bear my self, until I faint:
Then *Simon* bears it for me by constraint,
The decreed burden of each mortal Saint.
Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see:
Man stole the Fruit, but I must climb the Tree;
The Tree of life to all but only me.
Was ever grief, &c.

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sin,
The greater world o'th' two: For that came in
By words; but this by sorrow I must win.
Was ever grief, &c.

Such sorrow, as if sinful man did feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all Steel.
Was ever grief, &c.

But, *O my God, my God!* why leav'st thou me,
The Son, in whom thou dost delight to be?
My God, my God ——
Was ever grief, &c.

Shame tears my Soul, my Body many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound,
Reproaches, which are free, while I am bound.
Was ever grief, &c.

Now heal thy self, Physician; now come down.
Alas! I did so, when I left my Crown
And Fathers smile for you, to feel his frown:
Was ever grief, &c.

In healing not my ſelf, there doth conſiſt
All that ſalvation, which ye now reſiſt;
Your ſafety in my ſickneſs doth ſubſiſt.
Was ever grief like mine?

Betwixt two thieves I ſpend my utmoſt breath,
As he that for ſome robbery ſuffereth.
Alas! what have I ſtoln from you? Death.
Was ever grief, &c.

A King my title is, perfixt on high;
Yet by my Subjects I'm condemn'd to dye
A ſervile death in ſervile company.
Was ever grief, &c.

They gave me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice: Yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all.
Was ever grief, &c.

They part my Garments, and by lot diſpoſe
My Coat, the type of Love, which once cur'd thoſe
Who ſought for help, never malicious foes.
Was ever grief, &c.

Nay, after death their ſpite ſhall further go:
For they will pierce my Side, I full well know;
That as ſin came, ſo Sacraments might flow.
Was ever grief, &c.

But now I dye; now all is finiſhed.
My wo, mans weal: and now I bow my head.
Only let others ſay, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

¶ The Thanksgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title strange, yet true,
To thee of all Kings only due)
Oh King of wounds! how shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?
Shall I weep blood? why thou hast wept such store,
That all thy body was one gore.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, My God, why dost thou part from me?
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then sing, skipping thy doleful story,
And side with thy triumphant Glory?
Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns my flower?
Thy rod, my posie? cross, my bower?
But how then shall I imitate thee, and
Copy thy fair, though bloody hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And try who shall victorious prove.
If thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
All back unto thee by the poor.
If thou dost give me honour, men shall see,
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not Marry; or if she be mine,
She and her Children shall be thine.
My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme thy Name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some Chappel, die or live.
As for my Passion — But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy Predestination, I'le contrive,
That three years hence, if I survive,

I'le build a Spittle, or mend common Wayes,
But mend my own without delayes.
Then I will use the works of thy creation,
As if I us'd them but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrel; and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My Musick shall find thee, and ev'ry string
Shall have his attributes to Sing,
That altogether may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one Harmony.
If thou shalt give me Wit, it shall appear,
If thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read thy Book, and never move
'Til I have found therein thy Love;
Thy art of Love, which I'le turn back on thee,
O my dear Saviour, Victory!
Then for my Passion —— I will do for that ——
Alas! my God, I know not what.

¶ The Reprisal.

I Have consider'd it, and find
There is no dealing with thy mighty Passion:
For though I die for thee, I am behind;
My sins deserve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free;
And yet thy Wounds, still my attempts defie,
For by thy death I die for thee.

Ah, was it not enough that thou
By thy eternal Glory didst outgo me?
Could'st thou not griefs fair conquest me allow,
But in all victories overthrow me?

Yet by confession will I come
Into the conquest. Though I can do nought
Against thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once against thee fought.

¶ The Agony.

PHilosophers have measur'd Mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of Seas, of States and Kings,
Walk'd with a staff to Heav'n, and traced Fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that found them; Sin and Love.

Who would know sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see
A Man, so wrung with pains, that all his Hair,
His skin, his Garments bloody be.
Sin is that Press and Vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every Vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay,
And taste that Juice, which on the Cross a Pike
Did set abroach; then let him say,
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor sweet and most Divine,
Which my God feels as Blood; but I as Wine.

¶ The Sinner.

LOrd, how am I all ague, when I seek
What I have treasur'd in my memory!
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to thee.

I find three quarries of pil'd vanities,
But shreds of Holiness, that dare not venture
To shew their face, since cross to thy decrees:
There the circumference Earth is, Hear'n the centre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small:
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet Lord restore thy Image, hear my call:
And though my hard heart scarce to thee can grone,
Remember that thou once didst write in stone

¶ Good-Friday.

O My chief good,
How shall I measure out thy Blood?
How shall I count what thee befel,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, since one star shew'd thy first breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or shall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumn, score a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be sign
Of the true Vine?

Then

Then let each hour
Of my whole life one grief devour;
That thy diſtreſs through all may run,
And be my Sun.

Or rather let
My ſev'ral ſins their ſorrows get;
That, as each beaſt his cure doth know,
Each ſin may ſo.

SInce blood is fitteſt, Lord, to write
Thy ſorrows in, and bloody flight;
My heart hath ſtore; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and ſin:

That when Sin ſpies ſo many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, Sin may ſay,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep poſſeſſion with thy grace;
Leſt ſin take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

¶ Redemption.

HAving been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I reſolved to be bold,
And make a ſuit unto him to afford
A new ſmall-rented Leaſe, and cancel th' old.

In Heaven, at his Manour I him ſought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About ſome land, which he had dearly bought
Long ſince on Earth, to take poſſeſſion.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great Birth,
Sought him accordingly in great resorts;
In Cities, Theatres, Gardens, Parks and Courts.
At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
Of Thieves, and Murderers: There I him espied,
Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.

¶ Sepulchre.

O Blessed Body! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard stone?
So many hearts on Earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good store;
For they can lodge transgressions by the score:
Thousands of toys dwell there, yet out of door
They leave thee.

But that which shews them large shews them unfit.
What ever Sin did this pure Rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indicted it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain thee;
And missing this, most falsly did arraign thee;
Only these stones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old the Law by Heav'nly Art
Was writ in stone; so thou, which also art
The letter of the word, find'st no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
And so should perish, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
With-hold thee.

Easter.

Easter.

RIse heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his Praise
Without delaies,
Who takes thee by the Hand, that thou likewise
With him may'st rise:
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee Gold, and much more just.

Awake, my Lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The Cross taught all wood to resound his Name,
Who bore the same.
His stretched Sinews taught all strings, what Key
Is best to celebrate this most high Day.

Consort both Heart and Lute, and twist a Song
Pleasant and long:
Or, since all Musick is but three Parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I Got me Flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a Tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th'East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

¶ Easter-Wings.

Lord, who createdſt man in wealth & ſtore,
Though foolishly he loſt the ſame;
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poor:
With thee
O let me riſe
As Larks, harmoniouſly;
And ſing this day thy Victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.

¶ Easter.

¶ Easter-Wings.

My tender Age in sorrow did begin;
And still with sicknesses and shame,
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory:
For if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

H. Bop.

¶ H. Baptism.

As he that sees a dark and shady grove,
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky;
So when I view my sins, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water fly,
Which is above the Heav'ns, whose spring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemers pierced side.
O blessed streams! either ye do prevent
And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,
Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption measures all my time,
And spreads the plaister equal to the crime:
You taught the Book of Life my name, that so,
Whatever future sins should me miscal,
Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

¶ H. Baptism.

Since, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my Infancy
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me still
Write thee great God, and me a child:
Let me be soft and supple to thy Will,
Small to my self, to others mild,
Behither ill.

Although by stealth
My flesh got on; yet let her sister
My Soul bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:
The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health. Nature

Nature.

FUll of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That thou hast ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy highest art
To captivate strong holds to thee.

If thou shalt let this venom lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence by kind
Vanish into a wind.
Making thy workmanship deceit.

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend Law and fear,
Or make a new one, since the old
Is sapless grown,
And a much fitter Stone
To hide my dust, than thee to hold.

¶ Sin.

LOrd, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then School-masters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprizes,

Bles-

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of Glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences:
Angels and Grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

¶ Affliction.

When first thou didst intice to thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joyes I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

I looked on thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious houshold-stuff did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such stars I counted mine: Both Heav'n and Earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joyes my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek thy face,

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way;
My dayes were straw'd with flowe'rs and happiness;
There was no month but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for wo.

My

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sickness clave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost; a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou did'st betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown,
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with Academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage,
I took thy sweetned pil, till I came near;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwst me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my Books will show:
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: At least some bird would trust
Her houshold to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

¶ Repentance.

LOrd, I confess my sin is great;
Great is my sin. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentany bloom;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steady aiming at a Tomb.

Mans Age is two hours work, or three;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delight: But wee are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, *Adams* fall.

O let thy height of mercy then
Compassionate short-breathed men,
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression:
I do confess
My sofistness;
My God accept of my confession.

Sweeten

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou haſt pour'd into my ſoul;
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather:
For if thou ſtay,
I and this day,
As we did riſe, we die together.

When thou for ſin rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:
Bitterneſs fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine and decay,
And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But thou wilt ſin and grief deſtroy;
That ſo the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-ſet ſong,
Full of his Praiſes,
Who dead men raiſes.
Fractures well cur'd make us more ſtrong.

¶ Faith.

= Lord, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
Thy wrath for ſin, as when mans ſight was dim
And could ſee little, to regard his eaſe,
And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungry I was, and had no Meat,
I did conceit a moſt delicious feaſt;
I had it ſtraight, and did as truly Eat,
As ever did a welcom gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehenſion cur'd ſo well my foot,
That I can walk to Heav'n well near.

I owed thousands and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Believes so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story:
And when sin placeth me in Adams fall,
Faith sets me higher in his Glory.

If I go lower in the Book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailty, death and danger.

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gained it:
Where now by faith all arms are of a length;
One size doth all conditions fit.

A Peasant may believe as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the highest stature.
Thus dost thou make proud knowledg bend & crouch,
While Grace fills up un-even Nature.

When creatures had no real light
Inherent in them, thou didst make the Sun
Impute a lustre, and allow them bright:
And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushy groves, pricking the lookers eye,
Vanisht away, when faith did change the scene:
And then appear'd a glorious sky.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

¶ Prayer.

¶ Prayer.

PRayer the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding Heav'n and Earth;

Engine against th' Almighty, sinners tow'r,
Reversed thunder, Christ side-piercing spear,
The six-dayes world-transposing in an hour,
A kind of Tune, which all things hear and fear;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted Manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well dreſt,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bels beyond the stars heard, the souls blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

¶ H. Communion.

NOt in rich furniture, or fine aray,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,
To me dost now thy self convey;
For so thou should'st without me still have been
Leaving within me sin:

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making thy way my rest,
And thy small quantities my length;
Which spread their forces into ev'ry part,
Meeting sins force and art.

Yet

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts;
But as th' out-works, they may control
My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy Name,
Affright both sin and shame.

Only thy Grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Op'ning the souls most subtil rooms;
While those to spirits refin'd at door attend
Dispatches from their friend.

GIve me my captive soul, or take
My body also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sin turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to Heaven.

For sure when *Adam* did not know
To sin, or sin to smother;
He might to Heav'n from Paradise go,
As from one room t'another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this thy Heav'nly Blood,
Which I can go to when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

Antiphon

¶ Antiphon.

Cho. LEt all the World in every corner Sing,
My God and King.

Verſ. The Heavens are not too high,
His Praiſe may thither fly:
The Earth is not too low,
His Praiſes there may grow.

Cho. Let all the World in every corner ſing,
My God and King.

Verſ. The Church with Pſalms muſt ſhout,
No Door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Cho. Let all the World in every corner Sing,
My God and King.

¶ Love. I.

IMmortal Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious Name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made,

While mortal love doth all the title gain!
Which ſiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanſhip) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit

Wit fancies beauty, Beauty raiseth wit;
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou standing by: And though thy glorious Name
Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who sings thy praise? only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

II

IMmortal Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the lesser to it: Let those fires
Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.
Then shall our hearts pant thee; then shall our brain
All her inventions on thine altar lay,
And there in Hymns send back thy fire again:

Our eyes shall see thee, which before saw dust;
Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind:
Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kind,
Who were dispossessed by usurping lust:

All knees shall bow to thee; all wits shall rise,
And praise him who did make and mend our eyes.

¶ The Temper.

HOw should I praise thee, Lord! how should my rhymes
Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel!

Al-

Although there were some forty Heaven's, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from Heav'n to Hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he thy stature spell?

O let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there:
Then of a Sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear,

Yet take thy way; for sure thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me thy poor debter:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the Musick better.

Whether I fly with Angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy Power and Love, my love and trust
Make one place ev'ry where.

¶ The Temper.

I T cannot be. Where is that mighty joy
Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord! if thou must needs use thy dart,
Save that, and me, or sin for both destroy.

The

The grosser world stands to thy word and art;
But thy Diviner World of Grace
Thou suddenly dost raise and rase,
And ev'ry day a new Creator art.

O fix thy chair of Grace, that all my powers
May also fix their reverence:
For when thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to thee:
Though Elements change, and Heaven move;
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a standing Majesty in me.

¶ Jordan.

WHo saies that fictions only and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines pass, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbors shadow course-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lovers love?
Must all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest People; let them Sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for Prime:
I envy no mans nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of Rhyme,
who plainly say, *My God, My King.*

Em-

¶ Employment.

IF as a flower doth ſpread and dye,
Thou would'ſt extend me to ſome good,
Before I were by froſts extremity
Nipt in the bud,

The ſweetneſs and the praiſe were thine:
But the extenſion and the room,
Which in thy garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

For as thou doſt impart thy grace,
The greater ſhall our glory be.
The meaſure of our joyes is in this place,
The ſtuff with thee.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe,
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delayes.

All things are buſie; only I
Neither bring Honey with the Bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is as a weed.
Lord place me in thy conſort; give one ſtraia
To my poor reed.

¶ The H. Scriptures. I.

OH Book! infinite ſweetneſs! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a honey gain,
Precious for any grief in any part,
To clear the breaſt, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
a full eternity: Thou art a maſs
Of ſtrange delights, where we may wiſh and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glaſs,

That mends the lookers eyes: This is the Well
That waſhes what it ſhews, Who can endear
Thy praiſe too much? thou art heav'ns Leiger (here,
Working againſt the ſtates of death and Hell.

Thou art joyes handſel: Heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to every mounters bended knee.

II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glory!
Seeing not only how each verſe doth ſhine,
But all the conſtellations of the ſtory.

This verſe marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie.
Then, as diſperſed herbs do watch a potion,
Theſe three make up ſome Chriſtians deſtinie.

Such

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: For in ev'ry thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and often times do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

¶ Whitsunday.

LIsten sweet dove unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings on me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and fly away with thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On thy Appostles? thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men,

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appear:
The Stars were coming down to know,
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The Sun, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wish'd for night,
When he beheld twelve Suns for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordial water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault (wound;
Of those, who did themselves through their side

Thou shutt'st the door, and keep'st within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conquering sin
Did not excite thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same;
The same sweet God of love and light;
Restore this day, for thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

¶ Grace.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above.

If still the Sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon Prove,
Thy works nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above.

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And shall the dew out-strip thy Dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above!

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sin is still-hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love:
Let suppl'ing grace to cross his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for thou doſt know the way:
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not ſay,
Drop from above.

¶ Praiſe.

TO write a verſe or two is all the Praiſe,
That I can raiſe:
Mend my eſtate in any ways,
Thou ſhalt have more.
I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither fly;
Or if I mount unto the ſky,
I will do more.
Man is all weakneſs, there is no ſuch thing
As prince or King:
His arm is ſhort, yet with a ſling
He may do more.
An herb diſtill'd, and drunk, may dwell next door,
On the ſame floor,
To a brave ſoul: Exalt the poor,
They can do more.
O raiſe me then! Poor bees that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work as well as they,
And much, much more.

¶ Affliction.

KIll me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of Life; ſince thy own death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methuſalems ſtay.

If all mens tears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloody ſweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: And as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſs took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future moan.

¶ Mattens.

I Cannot ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,
Or ſtar, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing elſe to do?

Indeed mans whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not Heav'n and Earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy Love to know;
That this new light, which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a Sun-beam I will climb to thee.

Sin.

¶ Sin.

OH that I could a ſin once ſee!
We paint the Devil foul, yet he
Hath ſome good in him, all agree.
Sin is flat oppoſite to th' Almighty, ſeeing
It wants the good of *Virtue* and of *being*.

But God more care of us hath had,
If apparitions make us ſad,
By ſight of ſin we ſhould grow mad.
Yet as in ſleep we ſee foul death, and live;
So devils are our ſins in proſpective.

¶ Even-Song.

BLeſt be the God of Love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be buſie, and to play.
But much more bleſt be God above,

Who gave me light alone,
Which to himſelf he did deny:
For when he ſees my ways, I die:
But I have got his Son, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I diſcharg'd the debt,
Which this dayes favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought was ſome.

Thy diet, care, and coſt,
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to thee whom I have croſt,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, *It doth suffice:*
Henceforth repose; your work is dont.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse which shews more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this th' harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the Garden, this the Grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poor minute scapes thy breast,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

¶ Church-Monuments.

WHile that my soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust;
To which the blast of deaths incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My Body to the School, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and find his birth
Written in dusty heraldry and lines.
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for signs,

To

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſs thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Dear fleſh, while I do pray, learn hear thy ſtem
And true deſcent: That when thou ſhalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That fleſh is but the glaſs which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt. Mark here below,
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou mayſt fit thy ſelf againſt thy fall.

¶ Church-Muſick.

SWeeteſt of ſweets, I thank you; when diſpleaſure
Did through my body wound my mind,
You took me thence, and in your houſe of pleaſure
A dainty lodging me aſſign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
We both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'e die; for if you poſt from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
But if I travel in your companie,
You know the way to Heavens door.

¶ Church Lock and Key.

I Know it is my ſin, which locks thine ears,
And binds thy hands!
Out-crying my requeſts, drowning my tears;
Or elſe the chilneſs of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,
And mend it ſtill;
So I do lay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſins, or coldnes, but thy Will.

Yet here, O god, only for his bloods ſake
Which pleads for me:
For though ſins, plead too, yet like ſtones they make
His bloods ſweet current much more loud to be.

¶ The Church-floor.

MArk you the floor? that ſquare & ſpeckled ſtone,
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong,
Is *Patience.*

And th'other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is check'rd all along,
Humility:

The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is *Confidence*:

But the ſweet Cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*
And *Charity.*

Hither ſometimes ſin ſteals, and ſtains
The Marbles neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the duſt about the floor:
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the *Architect*, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

The

¶ The Windows.

LOrd, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glass:
Yet in thy Temple thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through thy Grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glass thy story,
Making thy life to shine within
The Holy Preachers; then the light and glory
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shews watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe: But speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience, ring.

¶ Trinity-Sunday.

LOrd, who hast form'd me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through thy blood,
And sanctifi'd me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore:
For I confess my heavy score:
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with Charity;
That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

¶ Con-

¶ Content.

PEace mutt'ring thoughts & do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breſt.
Who cannot on his own bed ſweetly ſleep,
Can on anothers hardly reſt.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry queſt and call
Of an untrained hope or paſſion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantoneſs in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie:
Content and warm t'it ſelf alone:
But when it would appear to others eye,
Without a knock it never ſhone.

Give me the pliant mind, whoſe gentle meaſure
Complies and ſuits with all eſtates;
Which can let looſe to a crown, and yet with pleaſure
Take up within a cloiſters gates.

This ſoul doth ſpan the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre:
Where in each room of the well-furniſh'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine dayes wonder:
And after death the fumes that ſpring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder,
As thoſe which riſe from a huge King.

Only thy Chronicle is loſt: And yet
Better by worms be all once ſpent,
Than to have helliſh moths ſtill gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongues,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground,
Do not thy self or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

¶ The Quiddity.

MY God, a Verse is not a Crown;
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute:

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in *France* or *Spain*;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or demain.

It is no Office, Art, or News,
Nor the Exchange, or busie Hall:
But it is that, which while I use,
I am with thee, and *Most take all.*

¶ Humility.

I Saw the Virtues sitting hand in hand
In sev'ral Ranks, upon an azure Throne,
Where all the Beasts and Fowls by their command
Presented tokens of submission.
Humility, who sat the lowest there
To execute their call,
When by the Beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The

The angry Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude.
The fearful Hare her ears, which by their law
Humility did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turky brought his coral-chain;
That went to temperance.
On Justice was bestow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow bringing the Peacocks plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it as proper to his place,
Till they fell out: Which when the beasts espy'd,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,
They had depos'd each one.

Humility, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: Then saying, *Here it is*
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Against the beasts: So joyntly bandying,
They drive them soon away;
And then amerc'd them double gifts to bring
At the next Session-day.

¶ Frailty.

LOrd, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is stiled *honour*, *riches*, or *fair eyes*;
But is *fair dust*!
I surname them *gilded clay*,
Dear earth, *fine grass* or *hay*;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The worlds, and thine,
Thine clad with simpleness, and sad events;
The other fine,
Full of glory and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was dust before, doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, lest if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront those joyes wherewith thou didst endow
And long since wed
My poor soul, ev'n sick of love;
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer Heav'n and thee
Planted in me.

¶ Constancy.

WHo is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his Neighbour and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easie, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who

Who, when great trials come,
Nor ſeeks, nor ſhuns them; but doth calmly ſtay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a ſum,
What place or perſon calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To uſe in any thing a trick or ſleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and faſhion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and ſtreight.

Who never melts or thaws
At cloſe temptations: When the day is done,
His goodneſs ſets not, but in dark can run:
The Sun to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Virtue is his Sun.

Who, when he is to treat
With ſick folks, Women, thoſe whom paſſions ſway,
Allows for that, and keeps his conſtant way:
Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and ſhare, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, ſafe and ſure,
Who ſtill is right, and prays to be ſo ſtill.

¶ Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
By that I knew that thou waſt in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a ſcepter of the rod:
Hadſt thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly ſigh had broke my heart.

But

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind?
Or if some years with it escape,
The sigh then only is
A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying daily, praise thee to thy loss.

¶ The Star.

BRight spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviours face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canst make a debter,
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
Folly, and worse than folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So disengag'd from sin and sickness,
Touch it with thy celestial quickness,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then

Then with our trinity of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before did'st bow.

Get me a ſtanding there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him who dy'd to part
Sin and my heart.

That ſo among the reſt I may
Glitter, and curl, and wind as they:
That winding is their faſhion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden Bee
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-ſtreams.

¶ Sunday.

O Day moſt calm, moſt bright,
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' indorſment of ſupreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, cares balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth ſhew the way.

The

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at Heaven with thy brow:
The worky-dayes are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
'Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundayes the pillars are,
On which Heav'ns Palace arched lies:
The other dayes fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In Gods rich garden: That is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of mans life,
Threaded together on times string,
Make bracelets to adorn the Wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heavens gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for his:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As *Samson* bore the doors away,
Christs hands, though nail'd, wrought our Salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expence,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
Till that we both, being toss'd from Earth,
Fly hand in hand to Heaven.

¶ Avarice.

¶ Avarice.

MOney, thou bane of bliſs and ſourſe of wo,
Whence com'ſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh and fine?
I know thy parentage is baſe and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou didſt ſo little contribute
To this great Kingdom, which thou now haſt got,
That he was fain, when thou waſt deſtitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou haſt got the face of man; for we
Have with our ſtamp and ſeal transfer'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but droſs to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana- {MARY / ARMY} *gram*

HOw well her Name an *Army* doth preſent,
In whom the *Lord of Hoſts* did pitch his tent!

¶ To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious ſpirits, who after all your bands,
See the ſmooth face of God, without a frown,
Or ſtrict commands;
Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not

Not out of envy or malicioufneſs
Do I forbear to crave your ſpecial aid.
I would addreſs
My vows to thee moſt gladly, bleſſed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my diſtreſs:

Thou art the holy Mine, whence came the Gold,
The great reſtorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the Cabinet where the Jewel lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my ſoul unfold.

But now (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praiſe,
Bids no ſuch thing:
And where his pleaſure no injunction layes,
('Tis your own caſe) ye never move a wing.

All worſhip is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no apeeal
At the laſt hour:
Therefore we dare not from his garland ſteal,
To make a poſie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we ſhall not fare the worſe,
Who do not ſo;
Since we are ever ready to diſburſe,
If any one our Maſters hand can ſhow.

¶ Employment.

HE that is weary, let him ſit
My ſoul would ſtir
And trade in courteſies and wit,
Quitting the fur,
The cold complexions needing it.

Man

Man is no ſtar, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint deſire,
Lets his own aſhes choke his ſoul.

When th' elements did for place conteſt
With him whoſe Will
Ordain'd the higheſt to be beſt.
The earth ſat ſtill,
And by the others is oppreſt.

Life is a buſineſs, not good cheer;
Ever in wars.
The Sun ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the Stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

Oh that I were an Orange-tree,
That buſie plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dreſſeth me.

But we are ſtill too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Untill the grave increaſe our cold.

¶ Denial.

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent ears;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verſe;
My breaſt was full of fears
And diſorder.

My

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder;
Each took his way: some would to pleasure go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
As to benum
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, Come, my God, O come!
But no hearing.

O thou that should'st give dust a tongue
To cry to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,

But no hearing.
Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung:
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

O chear and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time;
That so thy favours granting my request,
They and my mind may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

¶ Christmas.

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, body and mind,
With full cry of affections quite astray,
I took up in the next Inn I could find.

There

There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
My deareſt Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleaſures brought me to him, ready there
To be all paſſengers moſt ſweet relief?

O thou whoſe glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights mantle, ſtole into a Manger,
Since my dark ſoul and brutiſh is thy right,
To Man of all beaſts be not thou a ſtranger.

Furniſh and deck my ſoul, that thou mayſt have
A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

THe Shepherds ſing, and ſhall I ſilent be?
My God, no Hymn for thee?
My ſoul's a Shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The paſture is thy word; the ſtreams thy grace
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and Flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
Out-ſing the day-light hours.
Then we will chide the Sun for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We ſing one common Lord; wherefore he ſhould
Himſelf the candle hold.
I will go ſearching, till I find a Sun
Shall ſtay till we have done;
A willing ſhiner, that ſhall ſhine as gladly,
As froſt-nipt Suns look ſadly.
Then we will ſing, and ſhine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams ſhall chear my breaſt, and both ſo twine,
Till ev'n his beams ſing, and my muſick ſhine.

¶ Ungratefulneſs.

LOrd, with what bounty and rare clemency
Haſt thou redeemd us from the grave!
If thou had'ſt let us run,
Gladly had man ador'd the Sun,
And thought his God moſt brave;
Where now we ſhall be better gods than he.

Thou haſt but two rare Cabinets full of treaſure,
The *Trinity*, and *Incarnation*:
Thou haſt unlock'd them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy Creation
Unto thy ſelf in everlaſting pleaſure.

The ſtatelier Cabinet is the *Trinity*,
Whoſe ſparkling light acceſs denies:
Therefore thou doſt not ſhow
This fully to us, till death blow
The duſt into our eyes:
For by that powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy ſweets are pack'd up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow;
That, as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Becauſe this Box we know;
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But man is cloſe, reſerv'd, and dark to thee;
When thou demandeſt but a heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poor cabinet of bone
Sins have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

Sighs

¶ Sighs and Groans.

O Do not uſe me
After my ſins! look not on my deſert,
But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuſe me: For thou only art
The mighty God, but I a ſilly worm:
O do not bruiſe me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill ſteward make?
I have abus'd thy ſtock, deſtroy'd thy woods,
Suck'd all thy Magazins: My head did ake,
Till it found out how to conſume thy goods:
O do not ſcourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deſerv'd that an *Egyptian* night
Should thicken all my powers; becauſe my luſt
Hath ſtill ſew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailty, and already duſt;
O do not grind me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!
For thou haſt other veſſels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
Ev'n unto death: Since he dy'd for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve mee!
For thou haſt *life* and *death* at thy command;
Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feaſt* and *rod*,
Cordial and *Corroſive*: Put not thy hand
Into the bitter box; but O my God,
My God, relieve me.

¶ The World.

LOve built a ſtately houſe; where *Fortune* came:
And ſpinning fancies, ſhe was heard to ſay,
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the frame,
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame:
But *Wiſdom* quickly ſwept them all away.

Then *Pleaſure* came, who, liking not the faſhion,
Began to make *Balconies*, *Terraces*,
Till ſhe had weakned all by alteration:
But rev'rend *laws*, and many a *proclaimation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sin*, and with that Sycomore,
Whoſe leaves firſt ſhekred man from drought &dew,
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward Walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
But *Grace* ſhor'd theſe, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combin'd with *Death* in a firm band,
To raſe the building to the very floor:
Which they effected, none could them withſtand;
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver Palace than before.

Coloſ.

Coloſ. 3. 3.

Our life is hid with Chriſt in God.

My words and thoughts do both expreſs this notion,
That *LIFE* hath with the Sun a double motion.
The firſt *IS* ſtreight, and our diurnal friend;
The other *HID*, and doth obliquely bend:
One life is wrapt *IN* fleſh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards *HIM*, whoſe happy birth
Taught me to live here ſo, *THAT* ſtill one eye
Should aim and ſhoot at that which *IS* on high;
Quitting with daily Labour all *MY* pleaſure,
To gain at Harveſt an eternal *TREASURE.*

¶ Vanity.

The fleet Aſtronomer can bore,
And thred the ſpheres with his quick-piercing mind:
He views their ſtations, walks from door to door,
Surveys, as if he had deſign'd
To make a purchaſe there: He ſees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd aſpects, and ſecret glances.

The nimble diver with his ſide
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpoſe from the ventrous wretch;
That he might ſave his life, and alſo hers,
Who with exceſſive pride
Her own deſtruction and his danger wears.

The subtil Chymick can devest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appear trim and dreſt
To ordinary suitors at the door.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God? who yet his glorious law
Emboſoms in us, mellowing the ground
With ſhowrs and froſts, with love and aw;
So that we need not ſay, Where's this command?
Poor man! thou ſearcheſt round
To find out *death*, but miſſeſt *life* at hand.

¶ Lent.

WElcome dear feaſt of *Lent*: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
But is compos'd of paſſion.
The Scriptures bid us *faſt*; the Church ſayes, *Now*:
Give to thy Mother what thou would'ſt allow
To every corporation.

The humble ſoul compos'd of Love and fear,
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines diſagree.
He ſays, in things which uſe hath juſtly got,
I am a ſcandal to the Church, and not
The Church is ſo to me.

True

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unless Authority, which should encrease
The obligation in us, make it less,
And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expence,
A face not fearing lights:
Whereas in fulness there are sluttish fumes,
Sour exhalations, and dishonest rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendent profits, which the spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other mens abuse of *Lent*
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christs fourtieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way,
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviours purity;
Yet are we bid, *Be holy ev'n as he.*
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more
May strengthen my decays.

Yet Lord inſtruct us to improve our faſt
By ſtarving ſin, and taking ſuch repaſt,
As may our faults control:
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his Parlour; banqueting the Poor,
And among thoſe his ſoul.

¶ Virtue.

Sweet day, ſo cool, ſo calm, ſo bright,
The bridal of the earth and ſky,
The dew ſhall weep thy fall to night;
For thou muſt dye.

Sweet Roſe, whoſe hue angry and brave
Bids the raſh gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou muſt dye.

Sweet Spring, full of ſweet days and Roſes,
A box where ſweets compacted lie,
My Muſick ſhews ye have your cloſes,
And all muſt die.

Only a ſweet and virtuous ſoul,
Like ſeaſon'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

¶ The

¶ The Pearl. *Math.* 13.

I Know the ways of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the preſs, and make it run;
What Reaſon hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of it ſelf, like a good houſwife, ſpun
In laws and policy; what the ſtars conſpire;
What willing Nature ſpeaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' old diſcoveries, and the new found ſeas,
The ſtock and ſurplus, cauſe and hiſtorie:
All theſe ſtand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courteſie and wit:
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory ſwells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expreſſions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tye,
And bear the bundle, whereſoe're it goes:
How many drams of ſpirits there muſt be
To ſell my life unto my friends or foes;
Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Pleaſure, the ſweet ſtrains,
The lullings and the reliſhes of it;
The propoſitions of hot blood and brains;
What Mirth and Muſick mean; what Love and Wit:
Have done theſe twenty hundred years, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled ſtore:
My ſtuff is fleſh, not braſs; my ſenſes live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all these and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from Heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

¶ Affliction.

Broken in pieces all asunder,
Lord hunt me not
A thing forgot,
Once a poor creature, now a wonder;
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this World and that of Grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart;
As wat'ring-pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their fury can control,
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live, try out their right.

Oh

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also thee;
Who art my life: dissolve the knot,
As the Sun scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall these powers, which work for grief,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praise and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
'Till I reach Heav'n, and much more thee.

¶ Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be more.
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the World besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother:
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with Moons and Tides.

Nothing

Nothing hath got so far,
But man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere:
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;
The earth doth rest, Heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see, but means our good,
As our *delight*, or as our *treasure*:
The whole is either our cupboard of *food*,
Or Cabinet of *pleasure*.

The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain, which the Sun withdraws:
Musick and light attend our head.
All things unto our *flesh* are kind
In their *descent* and *being*; to our *mind*
In their *assent* and *cause*.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above our meat:
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More Servants wait on Man,
Than he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh mighty love! Man is one World, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
'Till then afford us so much wit,
That as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

¶ Antiphon.

Chor. PRaised be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above:
Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies so,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe:

Chor. That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.
Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was sold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch;
Men. And him we take.
Chor. Wherefore since that he is such,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy Praises shall be more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no store,
Chor. Praised be the God alone,
Who hath made of two folds one.

Un

¶ Unkindneſs.

LOrd, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friends intent and end.
I would not uſe a friend as I uſe Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blaſted fame
From the leaſt ſpot or thought of blame.
I could not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

My friend may ſpit upon my curious floor:
Would he have gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the poor,
And thou within them ſtarve at door.
I cannot uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my intereſt, and leave it free;
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee diſplace;
Nor would I uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou haſt done fulfil?
O write in braſs, *My God upon a tree*
His blood did ſpill,
Only to purchaſe my good will:
Yet uſe I not my foes, as I uſe Thee.

¶ Life.

I Made a Poſie, while the day ran by:
Here will I ſmell my remnant out, and tye
My life within this band.
But Time did becken to the Flowers, and they
By Noon moſt cunningly did ſteal away,
And wither'd in my Hand.

My Hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
Who did ſo ſweetly deaths ſad taſte convey,
Making my mind to ſmell my fatal day,
Yet ſug'ring the ſuſpition.

Farewel dear Flowers; ſweetly your time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for ſmell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow ſtreight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my ſent be good, I care not if
It be as ſhort as yours.

¶ Submiſſion.

BUt that thou art my wiſdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My mind would be extreamly ſtirr'd
For miſſing my deſign.

Were it not better to beſtow
Some place and power on me?
Then ſhould thy praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my degree.

But

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sight;
And pilfring what I once did give,
Disseise thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou should'st me raise,
That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great places, and thy praise
Do not so well agree.
Wherefore unto my gift I stand;
I will no more advise:
Only do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou hast both mine eyes.

¶ Justice.

I Cannot skill of these thy ways,
Lord, thou did'st make me, yet thou woundest me:
Lord, thou do'st wound me, yet thou dost relieve me:
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly pays:
For I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not:
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray.
I would do well, yet sin the hand hath got:
My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot skil of these my ways.

¶ Charms and Knots.

WHo read a Chapter when they rise,
Sall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor mans rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who ſhuts his hand, hath loſt his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aſperſions throw a ſtone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When th' hair is ſweet through pride or luſt,
The powder doth forget the duſt.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten ſtill, if Sermons go for gains.

In ſhallow waters Heav'n doth ſhow:
But who drinks on, to Hell may go.

¶ Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm,
As was and is thy floating Ark, whoſe ſtay
And Anchor thou art only, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſt rage.

At firſt we liv'd in pleaſure;
Thine own delights thou did'ſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou did'ſt uſe diſpleaſure
To make us thine; Yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou would'ſt taſte our miſerie.

There

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels us'd the first; if our relief
Take up the second, then the double line
And several baits in either kind
Furnish thy table to thy mind.

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more,
While blustring winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.
My God, so temper joy and wo,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

¶ Mortification.

How soon doth man decay!
When cloaths are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boyes go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for Musick, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In companie;
That Musick summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When

When man grows ſtaid and wiſe,
Getting a houſe and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb incloſure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would ſpeak;
A chair or litter ſhews the bier,
Which ſhall convey him to the houſe of death.

Man, e're he is aware,
Hath put together a ſolemnity,
And dreſt his Herſe, while he hath breath
As yet to ſpare.
Yet Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die,
That all theſe dyings may be life in death.

¶ Decay.

SWeet were the daies when thou didſt lodge with (*Lot*,
Struggle with *Jacob*, ſit with *Gideon*,
Adviſe with *Abraham*, when thy power could not
Encounter *Moſes* ſtrong complaints and mone:
Thy words were then, *Let me alone.*

One might have ſought, and found thee preſently
At ſome fair oak, or buſh, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply:
He is to *Sinai* gone, as we heard tell:
Liſt, ye may hear great *Aarons* Bell.

But

But now thou dost thy self immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sin and Satan, thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten thee, and use much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love once spread, as in an urn
Doth closet up it self, and still retreat,
Cold sin still forcing it, till it return,
And calling Justice all things burn.

¶ Misery.

LOrd, let the Angels praise thy Name.
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and Sin play all his game.
His House still burns; and yet he still doth sing,
Man is but glass,
He knows it, fill the glass.

How canst thou brook his foolishness?
Nay, he'l not lose a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his excess;
Not he: he knows where he can better be,
As he will swear,
Than to serve thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own, as if none knew but he?
No man shall beat into his head,
That thou within his curtains drawn can'st see:
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The

The best of men, turn but thy hand
For one poor minute, stumble at a pin:
They would not have their actions scan'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sin,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrel thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve thee: but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy mild Dove,
Not suffring those
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praise thy name:
Thou art all brightness, perfect purity:
The Sun holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.
How shall infection
Presume on thy perfection?

As dirty hands foul all they touch,
And those things most, which are most pure and fine:
So our clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing thy praises, make them less divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot serve thee; let him go
And serve the Swine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this Virtue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:
These preachers make
His head to shoot and ake.

Oh

Oh foolish man, where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a croud of cares?
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of stars:
There let them shine,
Thou must go sleep, or dine.

The bird that sees a dainty bower
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not his power,
Who made the arbour: This exceeds her wit.
But man doth know
The spring whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reign:
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the blood of God to run in vain.
Ah wretch! what verse
Can thy strange wayes rehearse?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring, whose posie was, *My pleasure*;
He was a Garden in a Paradise:
Glory and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sin hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to the glimpse of bliss:
A sick toss'd vessel dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf:
My God, I mean my self.

¶ Jordan.

¶ Jordan.

WHen firſt my lines of Heav'nly joys made men-(tion,
Such was their luſtre, they did ſo excell,
That I ſought out quaint words and trim invention:
My thoughts began to burniſh, ſprout, and ſwell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Décking the ſenſe, as if it were to ſell.

Thouſands of notions in my brain did run,
Off ring their ſervice, if I were not ſped:
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could ſeem too rich to clothe the Sun,
Much leſs thoſe joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they aſcend;
So did I weave my ſelf into the ſenſe.
But while I buſtled, I might hear a friend
Whiſper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a ſweetneſs ready penn'd:
Copy out only that, and ſave expence.

¶ Prayer.

OF what an eaſie quick acceſs,
My bleſſed Lord, art thon! how ſuddenly
may our requeſts thine ear invade!
To ſhew that ſtate diſlikes not eaſineſs.
If I but lift mine eyes, my ſuit is made:
Thou canſt no more not hear, than thou can'ſt die.

Of

Of what supream Almighty power
Is thy great arm, which spans the East and West,
And tacks the Centre to the Sphere!
By it do all things live their measur'd hour:
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art thou possest, who when thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove;
That by destroying that which ty'd thy purse,
Thou might'st make way for liberalitie!

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
Ease, *Power*, and *Love*; I value Prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues all should go:
I and dear prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

¶ Obedience.

= My God, if writings may
Convey a Lordship any way,
Whither the buyer and the seller please;
Let it not thee displease,
If this poor paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth need
To pass it self, and all it hath to thee:
To which I do agree,
And here present it as my special deed.

If

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavil, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passed with a reservation,
Or some such words in fashion;
I here exclude the wrangler from thy treasure.

O let thy sacred Will
All thy delight in me fulfil:
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou should'st mind a rotten tree?
Yet since thou can'st not chuse but see my actions;
So great are thy perfections,
Thou may'st as well my actions guide, as see.

Besides, thy death and blood
Show'd a strange love to all our good:
Thy sorrows were in earnest; no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

Wherefore I all forgo:
To one word only I say, No.
When in the deed there was an intimation
Of a *gift* or *donation*,
Lord, let it now by way of *purchase* go.

He that will pass his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchase speed
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines; till in Heavens court of rolls
They were by winged souls
Entred for both, far above their desert!

¶ Conscience.

PEace prattler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul:
Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it lowre:
Musick to thee doth howl.
By listning to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say:
My thoughts must work, but like a noiselesse sphere.
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day:
No room for prattlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
That I have Physick to expel thee.

And the receit shall be
My Saviours blood: when ever at his board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word.
No not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my Phylick, know there's some for thee;
Some wood and nails to make a staff or bill
For those that trouble me:
That bloody cross of my dear Lord
Is both my Physick and my sword.

¶ Sion

¶ Sion.

LOrd, with what glory wast thou serv'd of old,
When *Solomons* temple stood and flourished!
Where most things were of purest Gold;
The wood was all imbellished
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare:
All shew'd the builders, crav'd the seers care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and state
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim,
Something there was that sow'd debate:
Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with sin;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which some times crosseth thee, thou sometimes it:
The fight is hard, on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
All *Solomons* sea of brass and world of stone
Is not so dear to thee as one good groan.

And truly brass and stones are heavy things,
Tombs for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But groans are quick and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
The note is sad, yet musick for a King.

¶ Home.

COme Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick
While thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O thew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee!

How can'ſt thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
The blood did make, which thou didſt waſte?
When I beheld it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhew thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When man was loſt, thy pity lookt about,
To ſee what help in th' earth or sky:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in thy boſom lie.
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

There lay thy Son: and muſt he leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſs, to remove
Thraldom from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poor apple for thy love?
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer dear,
After all this can'ſt thou be ſtrange?
So many years baptiz'd, and not appear;
As if thy love could fail or change?
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

Yet if thou ſtayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of wo? hence all ye clouds, away,
Away; I muſt get up and ſee.
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this Woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackneſs and diſtaſte?
O ſhew thy ſelf, &c.

With

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joys about me:
And scouling on them, as they pin'd away:,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O shew thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way soe're I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves, and come to thee,
O shew thy self, &c.

We talk of harvest; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O shew thy self, &c.

O loose this frame, this knot of man untie,
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled hamper'd thing.
O shew thy self, &c.

What have I left that I should stay and groan?
The most of me to Heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O shew thy self, &c.

Come deerest Lord, pass not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joynts do pray:
And ev'n my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
The word is *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.
O shew thy self to me
Or take me up to thee!

¶ The British Church.

I Joy dear Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright.

Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspect in fit array,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shews who is best.

Outlandish looks may not compare:
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,
Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That ev'n her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the Valley is so shie
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her ears:

While she avoids her neighbours pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side
And nothing wears.

But dearest Mother, (what those miss)
The mean thy praise and glory is,
And long may be.

Blessed be God whose love it was
To double-mote thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

¶ The

¶ The Quip.

THe merry World did on a day
With his Trim-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at mee.

First, Beauty crept into a Rose;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poor man? said he:
I heard in Musick you had skill.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allow'd me half an eye.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come;
Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
And then they have their answer home.

¶ Vanity.

POor silly soul, whose hope and head lies low;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow;
To whom the stars shine not so fair, as eyes;
Nor solid work, as false embroideries;
Heark and beware, least what you now do measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O hear betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchase Heaven for repenting,
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mold,
Let them love Gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kinred fly:
For they can never be at rest,
Till they regain their ancient nest.
Then silly soul take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

¶ The Dawning.

AWake sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes and with him mirth:
Awake awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise

Arise sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christs resurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, arise;
And with his burial-linnen dry thine eyes. (grief
Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when
Draws tears, or blood, not want an handkerchief.

¶ JESU.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred Name
Is deeply carved there: but th'other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner where was *J*,
After, where *ES* and next where *U* was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

¶ Business.

CAn'st be idle, can'st thou play,
Foolish soul, who sin'd to day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poor soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath these, those tears forbears.

Winds ſtill work: it is their plot,
Be the ſeaſon cold or hot:
Haſt thou ſighs, or haſt thou not?

If thou haſt no ſighs or groans,
Would thou hadſt no fleſh and bones!
Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Fooliſh ſoul, who dy'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers Throne,
To aſſume thy fleſh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadſt dy'd moſt wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He ſo far thy good did plot,
That his own ſelf he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not dy'd for thee,
Thou hadſt liv'd in miſerie;
Two lives worſe than ten deaths be.

And hath any ſpace of breath
'Twixt his ſins and Saviours death?

He that loſeth Gold, though droſs,
Tells to all he meets, his croſs:
He that ſins, hath he no loſs?

He that finds a ſilver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again;
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither Sin nor Saviour feels.

¶ Dialogue.

¶ Dialogue.

SWeetest Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controul
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (Child) is the ballance thine?
Thine the poize and measure?
If I say thou shalt be mine,
Finger not my treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only he,
Who for man was sold, can see,
That transfer'd th' accounts to me.

But as I can see no merit,
Leading to his favour:
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my Saviour.
As the reason then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I disclaim the whole design;
Sin disclaims, and I resign.

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining:
And my clay, my creature would
Follow my resigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glory and desert,
Left all joyes to feel all smart
Ah! no more: thou break'st my heart.

Dulness

¶ Dulneſs.

WHy do I languiſh thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickneſs, that I may with mirth
Praiſe thee brim-full.

The wanton lover in a curious ſtrain
Can praiſe his faireſt fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o're again.

Thou art my lovelineſs, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me:
Thy bloody death and undeſerv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That thoſe thy form doth ſhow,
The very duſt where thou doſt tread and go,
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window-Songs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe.

But I am loſt in fleſh, whoſe ſugered lies
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy gift, that with a conſtant wit
I may but look towards thee.
Look only: for to *love* thee, who can be,
What Angel fit?

¶ Love

¶ Love-joy.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a Vine drop grapes, with J and C
Anneal'd on every branch. One standing by
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgment) said, it seem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of *Joy* and *Charity*; Sir, you have not miss'd,
The man reply'd; It figures JESUS CHRIST.

¶ Providence.

O Sacred Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! Shall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?

Of all the Creatures both in Sea and Land
Only to man thou hast made known thy ways,
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him Secretary of thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; Birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Priest: He doth present
The sacrifice for all: while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and winds that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand, who would praise thee fain,
And doth commit a world of sin in one.

The

The beasts say, Eat me; but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch,
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee:
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy *command* or thy *permission*
Lay hands on all: they are thy *right* and *left*,
The first puts on with speed an expedition;
The other curbs sins stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both; all must appear,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be.

Thou art in small things great, not small in any:
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their Fathers,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swels and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world; the meat is set,
Where all may reach: no Beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net;
The great prey on the less, they on some weed.

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat:
Flies have their table-foread e're they appear,
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envy not their chear.

How finely dost thou times and seasons spin
And make a twist checker'd with night and day?
Which as it lengthens, winds, and winds us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good.
The Pigeons feed their tender off-spring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledg, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their Masters flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to use:
So both the flow'r doth stay, and honey run.

Sheep eat the grass, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil:
Springs vent their streams, and by expence get store:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues both of herbs and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would shew a root that gives expressions?

And if an herb hath power, what have the stars?
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals: man may take them thence;
But at his peril: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,
And threatned man, that he should fill the space.

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be loll?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poysons, antidotes are most;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The winds, who think they rule the Mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound, the vales with store;
The South with marble, Norths with furs and woods.

Hard things are glorious; easie things good cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore seek to have and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with summer fruits compare.

Light without wind is glass: warm without weight
Is wool and furs: cool without closeness shade:
Speed without pains a horse: tall without height
A servile hawk: low without loss a spade.

All countreys have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, thou dost make them run
For their offence; and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sun to sun.

Nothing wears clothes but Man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,
But Man alone, to shew his heav'nly breed:
And only he hath fewel in desire.

Whē th' earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet:
When that lay gather'd, thou did'st broach the mountains:
When yet some places could no moisture get,
The winds grew gardners, and the clouds good founRain,

Rain doth not hurt my flowers; but gently spend
Your honey drops: press not to smell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

How harsh are thorns to pears? and yet they make
A better hedge, and need less reparation.
How smooth are sticks, compared with a stake,
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou dost divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The *Indian* nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cattle, sail and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruit's warm kernels help against the wind.
The limons juice and rind cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth bind.

Thy creatures leap not, but express a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing vents.
Frogs marry fish and flesh; bats, bird and beast;
Sponges, non-sense and sense; mines, th' earth & plants.

To shew thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.
Most things move th' under jaw; the Crocodile not.
Most things sleep lying, th' Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so compleat, but only he that owns them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
Yet in their being joyn with one advice
To honour thee: and so I give thee praise
In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each

Each thing that is, although in use and name
To go for one, hath many waies in store
To honour thee: and so each hymn thy fame
Extolleth many waies, yet this one more.

¶ Hope.

I Gave to hope a Watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present:
And he an optick lent.
With that I gave a vial full of tears:
But he a few green ears.
Ah Loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

¶ Sins round.

Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my offences courſe it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a buſie flame,
Until their Cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my enflamed thoughts,
Which ſpit it forth like the *Sicilian* Hill.
They vent the wares, and puff them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words ſuffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do joyn to finiſh the inventions.

My hands do joyn to finiſh the inventions;
And ſo my ſins aſcend three ſtories high,
As *Babel* grew, before their were diſſenſions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they ſupply
New thoughts of ſinning; wherefore to my ſhame,
Sorry I am, my God, ſorry I am.

¶ Time

¶ Time.

MEeting with Time, Slack thing, said I,
Thy sithe is dull, whet it for shame.
No marvel, Sir, he did reply,
If it at length deserve some blame:
But where one man would have me grind it,
Twenty for one too sharp do find it.

Perhaps some such of old did pass,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy sithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning knife.
Christs coming hath made man thy debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest:
For where thou only wert before
An executioner at best;
Thou art a gard'ner now and more.
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong:
And length of daies lengthen the Rod.
Who wants the place where God doth dwell
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
Which ev'n eternity excludes!
Thus far time heard me patiently:
Then chasing said, this man deludes:
What do I here before his door?
He doth not crave less time, but more.

Gratu-

¶ Gratefulness.

THou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy begger works on thee.
By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
And says, If he in this be croft,
All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
Is loft.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears fullying thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift, much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise:
Nay, thou hast made a sigh and groan
Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better tunes than groans can make;
But that these country-airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet can'st thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee:

Not

Not thankfull, when it pleaseth me;
As if thy blessings had spare dayes:
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

¶ Peace.

SWeet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No:
Go seek elsewhere.

I did; and going, did a rainbow note:
Surely thought I,
This is the Lace of Peaces Coat:
I will search out the matter.
But while I look't, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial: Sure said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man:
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began;
There was a Prince of old
At *Salem* dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetnesse did not save
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:
Which many wondring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That vertues lie therein,
A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repose
And peace, which every where
With so much earnestnesse you do pursue,
Is only there.

¶ Confession.

O What a cunning guest
Is this same grief! within my heart I made
Closets and in them many a chest;
And, like a thiefe in my trade,
In those chests, boxes, in each box, a fall:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As Gods afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath design'd.
They are too subtil for the subtilest hearts,
And fall, like rheumes upon the tenderest parts,

We

We are the Earth, and they,
Like moles within us, heave and cast about:
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much less give out.
No Smith can make such locks, but they have keys:
Closets are Halls to them; and hearts high-ways.

Only an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastning have, but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord I acknowledge: take thy plagues away.
For since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond: let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy to my breast.

¶ Giddiness.

O What a thing is man! how far from power,
From setled peace and rest!
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several hour.

One while he counts of heavn, as of his treasure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sin
Will doze a pleasure.

Now

Now he will fight it out, and to the war;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And fnudge in quiet; now he fcorns increafe;
Now all day fpares.

He builds a houfe, which quickly down muft go.
As if a whirlwind blew
And crufh'd the buildings. And it's partly true,
His mind is fo.

O what a fight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind!
And like a dolphins skin, his clothes combin'd
With his defires!

Surely, if each one faw anothers heart,
There would be no commerce,
No fale or bargain pafs: All would difperfe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us: One creation
Will not fuffice our turn:
Except thou make us daily, we fhall fpurn
Our own falvation.

¶ The Bunch of Grapes.

JOy, I did lock thee up, but fome bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago; one vogue and vein,
One air of thoughts ufurps my brain.
I did towards *Canaan* draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the Sea of fhame.

For

For as the Jews of old by Gods command
Travell'd, and saw no town;
So now each Christian hath his journey spann'd:
Their story pens and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown.
Gods works are wide, and let in future times
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our gardian-fires and clouds;
Our scripture-dew drops fast:
We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds;
Alas! our murmurings come not last.
But where's the cluster? where's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessed be God, who prosper'd *Noah's* Vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good store.
But much more him I must adore,
Who of the Laws sowre juice sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God himself being pressed for my sake.

¶ Love unknown.

DEar friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad:
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve
I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I sigh to say)

Lookt on a Servant, who did know his eye
Better than you knew me, or (which is one)
Than I my self. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issu'd from the side
Of a great rock: I will remember all,
And have good cause: There it was dipt and dy'd,
And washt, and wrung: The very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault, more than my lease will bear;
Yet still ask'd pardon, and was not deny'd.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I sigh to tell)
Walkt by my self abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION.*
The greatness shew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you understand?)
The offerers heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug than scalding water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drunk bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine

To

To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where to repair my strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed:
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak)
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say *thorns*. Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures ev'n my rest was gone?
Full well I understood who had been there:
For I had giv'n the key to none but one:
It must be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me so, that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favour than you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did only what was old renew:
The Caldron supplied what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull:
All did but strive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be chear'd, and praise him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

¶ Mans Medly.

HEark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet, if we rightly measure,
Mans joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence:
In th' other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff, whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taste of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their heads;
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double;
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both frosts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their wayes.
Happy is he, whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

¶ The

¶ The Storm.

IF, as the winds and waters here below
Do fly and flow,
My sighs and tears as busie were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their storms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
Hath a strange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy door.

There it stands knocking, to thy musicks wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glory and Honour are set by, till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poor storms: such days are best;
They purge the air without, within the breast.

¶ Paradise.

I Bless thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM
While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Inclose me still for fear I START.
Be to me rather sharp and TART,
Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitful ARE.

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FRIEND:
Such cuttings rather heal than REND:
And such beginnings touch their END.

¶ The Method.

POor heart, lament.
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub some discontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
Quickly effect what thou dost move:
For he is *Power*; and sure he *would*;
For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast and turn thy book:
If thou had'st lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? *Yesterday*
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And

And should Gods ear
To such indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions hear?
Is God less free?

But stay? what's there?
Late when I would have something dont,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And should Gods ear,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
Who hear not him, but quickly hear
His utter foes?

Then once more pray;
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart rejoice.

¶ Divinity.

AS men for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres supply'd;
As if a Star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
Divinities transcendent skye:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broach'd the wine,
Have thickn'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine which he taught and gave,
Was clear as Heav'n, from whence it came:
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.
Bid what he please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what he doth there design,
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man;
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head.
Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
To Heav'n alone both go and lead.

Ephes. 4. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, &c.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
Where I am soure,
And crosse thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
I pass away and leave it dead?

Then

Then weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep foolish heart,
And weeping live;
For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sins expresse: melt into dew.

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at door,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense:
I sin not to my grief alone,
But to my Gods too; he doth groan.

O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my self to tears and grief,
Ev'n endless tears
Without relief.
If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
But runs, although I be not dry;
I am no Crystal, what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies;
And flesh would fail,
If my deserts were masters of mine eyes;
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
My want of tears with store of blood.

¶ The Family.

What doth this noise of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the house and family are thine,
Though some of them repine.
Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat:
For where thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
Then Order plays the soul;
And giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
Expecting a command:
Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick, when she doth go

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys;
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder, than distemper'd fears;
What is so shrill as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound:
And where these are not found,
Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a constant stay.

¶ The

¶ The Size.

Content thee, greedy heart.
Modest and moderate joys to those, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are passing brave.
Let the upper springs into the low
Descend and fall, and show dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail?
If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To th' Isle of spices, is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more than God was, who was hungry here.
Wouldst thou his laws of fasting dismount?
Enact good chear?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
Would'st thou both eat thy cake, and have it

Great joyes are all at once,
But little do reserve themselves for more:
Those have their hopes: these what they have renounce
And live on score:
Those are at home, these journey still,
And meet the rest on *Sions* hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
At least in lump: for such doth oft destroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present health restore.

A Christians face and cast
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare,
Yet active strength: Whose long and bony face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide;
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down good heart;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou loosest all:
If comforts feel according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy:
For we should count since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
Which thou hast open'd; Do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
These Seas are Tears, and Heav'n the Haven.

¶ Artillery.

AS I one evening sat before my cell,
Me-thoughts a star did shoot into my lap.
I rose and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap:
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou use, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy breast,
which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of Musick in the spheres
But not of speech in stars, began to muse:
But turning to my God, whose ministers
The stars and all things are; If I refuse,
Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good;
Then I refuse not ev'n with blood
To wash away my stubborn thought:
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also stars and shooters too,
Born where thy servants both artilleries use.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to thee; yet thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
Than thou to grant mine: But because
Thy promise now hath ev'n set thee thy laws:

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deign
To enter combat with us and contest
With thine own clay. But I would parley fain:
Shun not my arrows, and be hold my breast.
Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine:
I must be so, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

¶ Church.

¶ Church-Rents and Schisms.

BRave rose, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair,
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul the more thou art divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the Root
And bottom of the leaves: which when the wind
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grind
Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, In thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christs precious blood
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddy into pale and bleak:
Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did you sev'ral parts unloose and start:
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north wind
They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as stars? Since it is night,
And much of *Asia* and *Europe* fast asleep,
And ev'n all *Africk*; would at least I might
With these two poor ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and pour it out for you.

¶ Justice.

¶ Justice.

O Dreadful Justice, what a fright and terrour
Wast thou of old,
When sin and errour
Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glass discolour thee.
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.
The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and scape
Did like some torturing engine show:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Danting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.
But now that Christs pure vail presents the sight,
I see no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to Heaven from this well of tears.
For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee.
Gods promises have made thee mine:
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

¶ The Pilgrimage.

I Travel on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on th' one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And

And so I came to Phansies meadows strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickn'd by my hour.
So to Cares cops I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the world;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angel, which a friend had ti'd
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsom hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gained the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting,
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd.

My hill was further: So I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
Just as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives: If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

¶ The

¶ The Hold-fast.

I Threatned to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one it could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his:
We must confess that nothing is our own.
Then I confess that he my succour is.

But to have nought is ours, not to confess
That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, 'till I heard a friend express,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fall or fail.

¶ Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.
Thou art the Lord of glory;
The deed and story
Are both thy due: But I a silly flie,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.
Art thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let

Let not thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

¶ The Discharge.

BUsie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
And is his right.
He is thy night at noon; He is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befel,
That God did make
Thy business his, and in thy life partake;
For thou can'st tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

They

They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mud
Of future depths, but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for woe
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the Present fit: If he provide,
He breaks the square.
This hour is mine: If for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do incroach upon deaths side:

For death each hour environs and surrounds:
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto those grounds,
But through a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die: But they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottom out an end.

God chains the dog till night: Wilt loose the chain,
And wake thy sorrow?
Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come; or if it must,
Do not forecast:
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away distrust:
My God hath promis'd; he is just.

¶ Praise.

¶ Praise.

King of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spar'd me.
Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee.
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cryed,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replyed,
Thou didst hear me.
Sev'n whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee.
In my heart, though not in Heaven,
I can raise thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst:
And when Justice call'd for fears,
Thou dissentedst.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enroll thee:
E'v'n eternity is too short
To extol thee.

¶ An

¶ An Offering.

COme, bring thy gift. If blessings were as flow,
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow:
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number,
And single things grow fruitful by desert.
In publick judgments one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is, least thy heart dispease,
As neither good, nor one: So oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone;
Thy passions also have their set partitions.
These parcel out thy heart. Recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood, (close
Dropping from Heav'n, which doth both cleanse and
All sorts of wounds; of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
Untill thou find, and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymn be this;

SInce my sadness
Into gladness,
Lord, thou dost convert;
O accept
What thou hast kept,
As thy due desert.

Had

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine,
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give favour
To this poor oblation;
And it raise
To be thy praise,
And be my salvation.

¶ Longing.

With sick and famish'd eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my groans,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat my soul is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou dost curse.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddy: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pity flows.
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants them, and they seek thee
More free.

Bowels

Bowels of pity, hear!
Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
Bow down thine ear!
Let not the wind
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name.

Look on my sorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What hearts abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine ear,
And hear!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord hear! *Shall he that made the ear,*
Not hear?

Behold, thy dust doth stir;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
Wilt thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lockt? Hath a finger power
No key?

Indeed

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd:
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing. thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain.
In bitter grief: Yet rum I fill'd
Thy child.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear.

But now both sin is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide:
That wants his head;
These speak and chide,
And in thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue.
Thy beggers grow; rid them away
To day.

My

My love my sweetness hear, hear!
By these thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast, which cries,
Which dies.

¶ The Bag.

AWay despair; my gracious Lord doth hear,
Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it: he doth steer,
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard that my Lord JESUS died?
Then let me tell thee a strange storie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majestick robes of glorie,
Resolv'd to light: and so one day
He did descend, und resting all the way.

The Stars his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
the skie his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd what he would wear,
He smil'd and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an Inne.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did indure to cancel sin:
And having given the rest before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as as he was returning, there came one,
That ran upon him with a spear.
He who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his side,
And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to send or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my Fathers hands and sight
(Believe me) it shall safely come.
That I shall mind what you impart,
Look, you may put it very near my heart.
Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will use me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Any thing to me. Hark despair, away.

¶ The Jews.

POor nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our eyens have purloin'd, and left you drie:
Whose streams we got by the Apostles sluice,
And use in Baptism, while ye pine and die;
Who by not keeping once, became a debtor,
And now by keeping lose the letter:

O that my prayers! mine alas!
Oh that some Angel might a trumpet sound:
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should cry so loud, untill the trump were drown'd,
And by that cry of her dear Lord obtain,
That your sweet lip might come again!

The

¶ The Collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, no more;
I will abroad.
What shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest, but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with Cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it: There was Corn,
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: Leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy Law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths-head there: Tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Child*:
And I reply'd, *My Lord.*

¶ The Glimpse.

WHither away delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight should have
More skill in Musick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a wind or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but ads to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the springs access grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumb, and would not die;
But constant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did reply,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock,
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spin,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou know'st how grief and sin
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a Court!

¶ Assu-

¶ Assurance.

O Spitefull bitter thought!
Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poyson bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou saidst but even now,
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coyn large hopes: but that I was deceiv'd;
Either the League was broke, or near it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? What more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? Wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despaires and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise Devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from my self, I had not half a word,
Not halfe a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert;
And in this League, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not only to perform thy part,
But also mine: As when the League was made,
Thou didst at once thy self endite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
Then can thy truth and I: But while rocks stand,
And rivers stir, thou canst not shrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall dissemble,
Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make the roof a coat
To hide thy shame: For thou hast cast a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for it self love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

¶ The Call.

COme, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a Feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

¶ Clasping

¶ Clasping of Hands.

Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Then I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me restore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more:
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me dost thee restore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine.
So mine thou art, that something more
I may presume thee mine, than thine.
For thou didst suffer to restore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death wast none of thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore.
O be mine still! still make me thine!
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

¶ Praise.

Lord, I will mean and speak thy praise,
Thy praise alone.
My busie heart shall spin it all my daies:
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou doſt favour any action,
It runs it flies;
All things concur to give it a perfection,
That which had but two legs before, (riſe
When thou doſt bleſs, hath twelve: one wheel doth
To twenty then, or more.

But when thou doſt on buſineſs blow,
It hangs it clogs:
Not all the teams of *Albion* in a row
Can heal or draw it out of door.
Legs are but ſtumps, and *Pharaohs* wheels but logs,
And ſtrugling hinders more.

Thouſands of things do thee imploy
In ruling all
This ſpatious Globe: Angels muſt have their joy,
Devils their rod, the ſea his ſhore,
The winds their ſtint. and yet when I did call,
Thou heardſt my call, and more,

I have not loſt one ſingle tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to Heav'n, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poor)
Ready to take them in, yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſhipt a drop
From thy right eye,
(Which there did hang like ſtreamers near the top
Of ſome fair Church, to ſhow the ſore
And bloody battel which thou once didſt trie)
The glaſs was full and more.

Where-

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſs'd, runs thin;
O that I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore;
That to thy cheſts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe, and more.

¶ *Joſeph's* Coat.

WOunded I ſing, tormented I endite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note; ſuch is his will,
Who changeth all things as him pleaſeth beſt.
For well he knows, if but one grief and ſmart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carry with it ev'n my heart,
And both would run untill they found a bier
To fetch the body; both being due to grief.
But he hath ſpoil'd the race, and given to anguiſh
One of Joys coats, ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhew his power, who once didbring
My *joys* to *weep*, and now my *griefs* to *ſing*.

¶ The Pulley.

WHen God at firſt made man,
Having a glaſs of bleſſing ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) pour on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So strength first made away:
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this Jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

¶ The Priesthood.

BLest Order, which in power dost so excel,
That with th' one hand thou liftest to the skie,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of the holy word,

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: Should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fittest by the fire and trade
Of skilful artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come;
So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat,
Have one beginning and one final sum;
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
if earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are,
As serve him up, who all the World commands;
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hand convey him, who conveys their hands;
O what pure things, most pure must those things be
Who bring my god to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old sins and new doctrines of our land.
Only, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my maker seek
For some mean stuff whereon to show his skill:
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poor do by submission,
What pride by opposition.

The

¶ The Search.

WHither, O whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My ſearches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eyes the ſkie:
And yet the ſphere
And centre both to me deny,
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay:
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtars above
Simper and ſhine,
As having keys unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

I ſent a ſigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: But my ſcout
Returns in vain.

I turn'd another (having ſtore)
Into a groan,
Becauſe the ſearch was dumb before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new fabrick mold
Which favour wins,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving th' old
Unto their ſins?

Where

Where is my God? What hidden place
Conceals thee still?
What covert dare eclipse thy face?
Is it thy Will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather brass,
Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will pass.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it
East and west touch, the poles do kiss,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large,
As is thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these bars, these lengths away:
Turn and restore me:
Be not Almighty, let me say,
Against but *for me.*

When thou dost turn, and wilt be near;
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appear
To come between?

For as thy absence doth excel
All distance known:
So doth my nearness bear the bell,
Making two one.

¶ Grief

O Who will give me tears? Come all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come clouds & rain:
My grief hath need of all the watry things,
That nature hath produc'd. Let every vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too dry for me,
Unless they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out and with my state agree.
What are two shallow fords, two little spouts
Of a less world? The greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumb and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lovers lute,
Whose grief allows him musick and a rhyme:
For mine excludes both measure, tune and time.
Alas, my God!

¶ The Cross.

WHat is this strange and uncouth thing!
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint and die,
Until I had some place, where I might sing,
And serve thee; and not only I,
But all my wealth and family might combine
To set thy honour up, as our design.

And

And then, when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combate, this dear end,
So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My power to serve thee: to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul (the memory
What I would do for thee, if once my groans
Could be allow'd for harmony)
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth study thy renown:
Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow:
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah my dear Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me: these cross actions
Do wind a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet since these thy contradictions
Are properly a Cross felt by thy Son,
With but four words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

The

¶ The Flower.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in spring:
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in *May*,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shriv'ld heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart
To see their Mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to Heav'n in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flow'r can wither!
Many a Spring I shot up fair,
Offring at Heav'n, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a ſtraight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What froſt to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou doſt turn,
And the leaſt frown of thine is ſhown?

And now in age I bud again,
After ſo many deaths I live and write,
I once more ſmell the dew and rain,
And reliſh verſing. O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempeſts fell all night.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us ſee we are but flow'rs that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou haſt a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through ſtore,
Forfeit their Paradiſe by their pride.

¶ Dotage.

FAlſe glozing pleaſures, casks of happineſs,
Fooliſh night-fires, womens and childrens wiſhes,
Chaſes in Arras, gilded emptineſs,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two diſhes;
Theſe are the pleaſures here.

True earneſt ſorrows, rooted miſeries,
Anguiſh in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, ſolid calamities,
Plain demonſtrations, evident and clear,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone;
Theſe are the ſorrows here. But

But O the folly of distracted men,
Who griefs in earnest, joys in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsom den
Before a court, ev'n that above so clear,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Than miseries are here!

¶ The Son.

LEt foreign Nations of their language boast,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coast:
Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To Parents issue and the Suns bright Starr!
A Son is light and fruit, a fruitful flame
Chasing the Fathers dimness, carry'd far
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discoveries of posterity.
So in one word our Lords humility
We turn upon him in a sense most true:
For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
We him in glory call, *The Son of man.*

¶ A true Hymn.

MY joy, my life, my crown!
my heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth muttring up and down
With only this, *My joy, my life, my crown!*

Yet

Yet slight not these few words;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The fineness which a Hymn or Psalm affords,
Is, when the soul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains, that somewhat is behind
To make his Verse, or writes a Hymn in kind.

Whereas if the heart be mov'd,
Although the Verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want:
As when th' heart says (sighing to be approv'd)
O, could I love! and stops; God writeth, *Lov'd.*

¶ The Answer.

MY comforts drop and melt away like snow:
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
Flies of estates and sunshine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the skie;
But coo'ling by the way, grows pursie and slow,
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears: To all, that so
Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest, know more than I.

¶ A

¶ A Dialogue-Anthem.

Christian. Death.

Chr. ALas poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force thy ancient sting?

Dea. Alas, poor mortal, void of story!
Go spell and read how I have kill'd thy King.

Chr. Poor death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on him makes thee accurst.

Dea. Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die: (worst.
These arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do thy
I shall be one day better than before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

¶ The Water-course.

THou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow:
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:

For who can look for less, that loveth { Life? / Strife?

But rather turn the pipe and waters course
To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'reign tears, springing from true remorse;
That so in pureness thou may'st him adore,

Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

¶ Self-

¶ Self-condemnation.

THou who condemnest Jewish hate,
For choosing *Barabbas* a murderer!
Before the Lord of glory;
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye (that busie wanderer)
That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss,
This worlds delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorry wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
False gain before the true;
Hath done what he condemns in reading:
For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
And is a *Judas-Jew*.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
And judge our selves. That light which sin & passion
Did before dim and choak,
When once those snuffs are ta'n away,
Shines bright and clear, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloak.

¶ Bitter-sweet.

AH my dear angry Lord!
Since thou dost love, yet strike;
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my sowre-sweet dayes
I will lament, and love.

¶ The Glance.

WHen first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltring in sin:
I felt a sugar'd strange delight,
Passing all Cordials made by any Art,
Bedew, embalm, and over-run my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway:
But still thy sweet original joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerfull be,
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-ey'd love!
When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More than a thousand Suns disburse in light
In Heav'n above!

¶ The 23. Psalm.

THe God of love my shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed.
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy Name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies sight:
My head with Oyl, my cup with Wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes:
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

¶ Mary-Magdalen.

When blessed *Mary* wip'd her Saviours feet,
(whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewel on her head:
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stain'd her self, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sins are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
To bear her filth; annd that her sins did dash
Ev'n God himself: Wherefore she was not loth,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one, she washed both.

¶ Aaron.

Holiness on the head;
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
To lead them unto life and rest;
Thus are true *Aarons* drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest;
Poor Priest thus am I drest.

Only

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest.
In him I am well dressed.

Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only Musick, striking me ev'n dead:
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in him new dressed.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest)
Come people, *Aaron's* dressed.

¶ The Odour. 2 *Cor.* 2.

How sweetly doth *My Master* sound *My Master!*
As Amber-greece leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster:
So do these words a sweet content,
An oriental fragrancy, *My Master.*

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind ev'n thrust into them both;
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smels, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little so,
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness unto thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,
And ev'n in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not displeasing;
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetning me
(As sweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee,
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ and busie me.

¶ The Foil.

IF we could see below
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace
As plainly as that above doth show;
This were the better skie, the brighter place.
God hath made Stars the foil
To set off virtues, griefs to set off sinning;
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

¶ The Forerunners.

THe Harbingers are come. See, see their mark,
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But must they have my brain? must they dispark
Those sparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Must dulness turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*

Good

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear.
He will be pleased with that ditty;
And if I please him, I write fine and witty.

Farewel sweet phrases, lovely metaphors:
But will you leave me thus? when ye before
Of stews and brothels only knew the doors,
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well drest and clad:
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Honey of Roses, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a flie?
Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thy self, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
With Canvas, not with Arras, clothe their shame:
Let folly speak in her own native tongue.
True beauty dwells on high: Ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Yet, if you goe, I pass not; take your way:
For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go birds of spring: Let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleness chalk the door,
So all within be fivelier than before.

¶ The Roſe.

PReſs me not to take more pleaſure
In this world of ſugar'd lies,
And to uſe a larger meaſure
Than my ſtrict yet welcome ſize.

Firſt, there is no pleaſure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Bluſhing woes, that look as clear,
As if they could beauty ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to ſay;
There are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſſ'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe:
Only take this gentle roſe,
And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer than a roſe?
What is ſweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmity diſcloſe,
Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldings prize
Be contracted to a roſe;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this flower doth judge and ſentence
Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But

But I health, not phyſick chuſe:
Only though I you oppoſe,
Say that fairly I refuſe,
For my anſwer is a roſe.

¶ Diſcipline.

THrow away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts deſire
Unto thine is bent:
I aſpire
To a full conſent.

Not a word or Look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the Throne of Grace.

Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed:
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is ſwift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
And can ſhoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can scape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me:
Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

¶ The Invitation.

COme ye hither, all whose taste
Is your waste;
Save your cost and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.
Come ye hither all whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiſs,
And drink this,
Which before you drink is blood.
Come ye hither all whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your ſins to ſighe:
Taſte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on ſin doth caſt the fright.
Come ye hither all whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a flood the lower grounds.

Come

Come ye hither all, whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie:
Here is love, which having breath,
Eve'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to thee:
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

¶ The Banquet.

WElcome sweet and sacred cheer,
Welcome dear;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatness passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is some star (fled from the sphere)
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin,
Flow'rs, and gums, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemy should win?

Doubtless neither star nor flower
Hath the power
Such a sweetness to impart:
Only God, who gives perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better scented;
God, to shew how far his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of each was drown'd;
God took blood, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taste;
But I still being low and short,
Far from Court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For With it alone I flie
To the skie:
Where I wipe mine eyes, and see
What I seek, for what I sue;
Him I view,
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pity
Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life:
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the ſtriſe.

¶ The Poſie.

LEt wits conteſt,
And with their words and Poſies windows fill:
Leſs than the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, is my poſie ſtill:

This on my ring,
This by my picture in my book I write.
Whether I ſing,
Or ſay, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention reſt,
Compariſons go play, wit uſe thy will:
Leſs than the leaſt
Of all Gods mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

¶ A Parodie.

SOuls joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Becauſe thou doſt abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou doſt ſuppreſs
The chearfulneſs
Of thy abode,
And in my power not ſtir abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormy night
Can so afflict, or so affright,
As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Lest want of aw
Make sin appear;
And when thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While Sin doth rave,
And falsly boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost;
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half believe
That sin says true: but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

¶ The Elixir.

TEach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the Heav'n spy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th'action fine.

This is the famous stone,
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

¶ A Wreath.

A Wreathed garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved unto thee I give,
I give to thee who knowest all my ways,
My crooked winding ways wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practice them; Then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

¶ Death.

¶ Death.

DEath, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing'
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we consider'd thee, as at some fix
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short;
Where we did find
The shells of fledge souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviours death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at Dooms-day;
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust.

¶ Dooms-

¶ Dooms-day.

Come away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir, and rub the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whisp'ring, *Live you, brother?*

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no musick feels,
But thy trumpet: Then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away?
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Fleshes stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noysom vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcell'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken consort raise,
And the musick shall be praise.

¶ Judge-

¶ Judgment.

Almighty judge, how shall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look,
Able an heart of Iron to appall,
When thou shalt call
For every mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I here tell,
That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thy new Testament into thy hand.
Let that be scann'd:
There thou shalt find my faults are thine.

¶ Heav'n.

O Who will shew me those delights on high?
Echo. I.
Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.
Echo. No.
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that still abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliss?
Echo. *Yes.*
Then tell me, What is that supreme delight?
Echo. *Light.*

Light

Light to the mind: What shall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure?
Echo. *Leisure.*
Light joy and leisure; but shall they persevere?
Echo. *Ever.*

¶ Love.

LOve bad me welcom: Yet my soul drew back,
Guiltie of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd worthy to be here:
Love said you shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear then I will serve.
You must sit down says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALmighty Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seest and ruleſt all things ev'n as one:
The ſmalleſt Ant or Atom knows thy power,
Known alſo to each minute of an hour:
Much more do Common-wealths acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counſels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, thy Church and ſpouſe doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didſt thou ariſe to plant this vine,
Which might the more indear it to be thine.
Spices come from the Eaſt; ſo did thy Spouſe,
Trim as the light, ſweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noahs* ſhady vine, chaſt as the dove,
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The courſe was weſtward, that the Sun might light
As well our underſtanding as our ſight.
Where th' Ark did reſt, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Moſes purſu'd this: But King *Solomon*
Finiſh'd and fixt the old Religion.
When it grew looſe, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Chriſt to faſten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore croſs and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition wall:
Only whereas the Ark in glory ſhone,
Now with the croſs, as with a ſtaff alone,
Religion like a Pilgrim, weſtward bent,

Knock-

Knocking at all doors, ever as she went.
Yet as the Sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some light,
Till all depart: So went the Church her way;
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern Nations for a time,
Till both removed to the western clime.
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter Plagues had done before.
Holy *Macarius* and great *Antony*
Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' history.
Goshen was darkness, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth *Israelites*.
Such power hath mighty baptism to produce
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where Arts
Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.
Learning was pos'd, Philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a fishers net.
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a loss,
And wheel'd about again to spell *Christs-Cross*.
Prayers chas'd Syllogisms into their den,
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warriour his dear scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds,
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliss,
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.

The

The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust
A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust:
Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was slain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a sceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year.
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece* to comfort them,
Who were cut short in *Alexanders* stem.
In both of these Prowess and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts against the Gospel came:
Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one,
Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew,
As dying things are wont, untill it flew
At length to *Germany*, still Westward bending,
And there the Churches festival attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
For no less Harbingers would serve than they;
So they might still, and point us out the place,
Where first the Church should raise her down cast face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a Garden there;
Then showrs Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the *Empire* shar'd with *Germany*,
But *England* in the higher victory:
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantines British line meant this of old,
And did this mystery wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From times great Chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and Sun together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Much about one and the same time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,

Sin

She did See out of Eastern *Babylon*,
And travell'd westward also: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry year did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearly a fallet lost.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshippeth his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchedness can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolery.
Thus Sin in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;
His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poor game. Thence he to *Greece* doth pass;
And being craftier much than Goodness was,
He left behind him garrisons of sins,
To make good that which ev'ry day he wins.
Here sin took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretel
As well what should befal, as what befel.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor truths were shuffled for a bait,
To credit him, and to discredit those,
Who after him should braver truths disclose.

From

From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperour.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the *Roman* sphere.
Glory was his chief instrument of old
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold.
Which soon was blown to such a mighty flame,
That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnal joy,
Cheat the most subtil Nations. Who so coy,
So trim, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious Arts,
To such *Mahometans* stupidities,
As the old Heathen would deem prodigies.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Only the West and *Rome* do keep theem free
From this contagious Infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
As *Rome* will one day find unto her cost.
Sin being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night
To be a Church-man too, and ware a Mitre:
The old debauched Ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his study where he sate
Busie in controversies sprung of late.
A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well:
His grave aspect had more of Heav'n than Hell:
Only there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sin in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mighty emperour;
So now being Priest he plainly did profess
To make a jest of Christs three Offices:

The

The rather since his scatter'd juglings were
United now in one both time and sphere,
From *Egypt* he took petty deities,
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.
Then in memorial of his antient throne,
He did sirname his palace *Babylon*.
Yet that he might the better gain all Nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations;
From all these places but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:
From *Egypt* Anchorism and retiredness:
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* stateliness:
And blending these he carry'd all mens eyes,
While Truth sat by counting his victories:
Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews;
But did bewitch, and finely work each Nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All post to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur.
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors cloisterers:
Who without spear or sword or other drum,
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Popes mule.
As new and old *Rome* did one empire twist:
So both together are one Antichrist;
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was,
Being in this their old crackt looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, thy counsels are!
Who may with thee compare?

Thus

Thus Sin triumphs in Western *Babylon*;
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his journey from the Eaſt.
Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,
As is the Moon and Sun to Heav'n and light.
When th' one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hells land-marks, Satans double creſt:
They are Sins nipples, feeding th' eaſt and weſt.
But as in vice the copy ſtill exceeds
The pattern, but not ſo in virtuous deeds;
So though ſin made his latter ſeat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a debter.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt:
And the late reformation never durſt
Compare with ancient times and purer years;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth tears.
Nay, it ſhall ev'ry year decreaſe and fade;
Till ſuch a darkneſs do the world invade
At Chriſts laſt coming, as his firſt did find:
Yet muſt there ſuch proportions be aſſign'd
To theſe diminiſhings, as is betwen
The ſpacious world and *Jury* to be ſeen.
Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our land,
Ready to paſs to the *American* ſtrand.
When height of malice, and prodigious luſts,
Impodent ſinning, witchcrafts, and diſtruſts
The marks of future bane, ſhall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our meaſure up;
When *Sein* ſhall ſwallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
By letting in them both, pollutes her ſtreams:
When *Italy* of us ſhall have her will,
And all her Kalender of ſins fulfil;
Whereby one may foretel, what ſins next year
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:

Then

Then shall Religion to *America* flee:
They have their times of Gospel, ev'n as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss:
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that, which now their Nation
But leads to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,
So sin shall trace and dog her instantly:
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, & sin the Church shall smo-
That when they have accomplished the round, (ther:
And met in th' East their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both & search them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sun,
Light one another, and together run.
Thus also sin and darkness follow still
The Church and Sun with all their power and skill.
But as the Sun still goes both west and east:
So also did the Church by going west
Still eastward go; because it drew more near
To time and place, where Judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God thy counsils are!
Who may with thee compare?

¶ L'envoy.

¶ L'Envoy.

King of glory, King of peace,
With the one make wars to ceaſe;
With the other bleſs thy ſheep,
Thee to love, in thee to ſleep.
Let not Sin devour thy fold,
Bragging that thy blood is cold,
That thy death is alſo dead,
While his conqueſts daily ſpread;
That thy fleſh hath loſt his food,
And thy Croſs is common wood.
Choke him, let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his breath in ſtore,
Till thy conqueſt and his fall
Make his ſighs to uſe it all,
And then bargain with the wind
To diſcharge what is behind.

Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed three in one.

FINIS.

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